

g word from ADAM

FOR THE 38th LEUR, ADAM has come up with another of the finely varied and balanced editions that have become its latter-day trademark. Girls, 2885, fact and fiction—when you've got all these and in quality as well as quantity, there isn't much old ADAM can do but leave it up to his readers.

For girls, he has sensational Sandra Edwards, Jean Nieto, cover-garl Brit L'Etoile, stripper Patti Cake and other convex cuties. For gags, he has Dennis, Patrick, AnaAs's tales and the usual upocariously processive spot cartoons. For fact, there are Hal Jithson on exceutions. Frank Gray on short change aritats, James Yaro on thin vs. plump girls. For fiction you'll find a slue of exetting stores by new authors such as Randy Wade and William Netting, and such stand-bys as Richard Cess, Connies Sellers and others.

All ARAM asks you to do is read the stories, leok at the pictures and enjoy both. ARAM enjoys the chore of putting them together for your pleasure.



MAM discovers a most delightful career when he pictureviews THE GIRL MAKER.

ONTHLY

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made in the shade.. see page 41



In the wind swept Sierras, her body was bait for the perfect crime

Mountain Madness

by RANDY WADE

WHEN EXIC LANE entered the lodge, the flood of music and voices came as a shock after the evening stillness of the mountains outside. The beg ski instructor had seen the guest sleigh arrive as he was making his last run and had hurried to the lodge to look over the prevenence.

He quickly realized that he modn't have rushed. Only a hardful of guests had arrived and most othern had already discovered the bor and were bustly laying a foundation for dinner. He recognized several of the couples as regulars, the others were nondescript types promising little in the way of avoitances.

The most voluble of the newcomers was seated at a corner table, vigorously assaulting the ear of some unlucky guest he'd trapped. He was accenting his monologue with enhusiastic gestures.

Exic didn't know Loudmouth, but he know the type—rich, retred, hangs arcand winter resorts trying to play the big sportsman. The kind you see at awank international spots like St. Moritz. They can hardly stand up on skis, so they have a boy follow them around to brush the snow off every time they fall on their broad, expensive bottoms.

time they fall on their broad, expensive bottoms.
Everything about Loudmouth fitted, from the tanned face and slipped gray mustache to the tweedy plus-fours. The hat on the table was in character, too, Tyrolean, complete with brush and budges from at least twenty European ski resorts.

"Yes Sir, the Zugspittze!" Loudmouth boomed out That clinched it These guys usually couldn't find their way from the lodge to their cobin without getting lost, but they always talked a good game. Evic made a mental note to stay away from



MADNESS, from page 5

this one. Having looked over the arrivals, Eric turned to the bar. Then he saw her. She was staring

directly at him with her full red lips For what seemed like a full minute, all sound in the room stopped for him. Then he realized he

was standing stupidly returning the girl's stare. He nervously looked away, but his eyes forced themselves back to her.

She hadn't moved. Without taking her eyes from him, she raised her martini-on-the-rocks to her lips and sipped lightly. Then while continuing to watch Eric over the rim of her glass, she darted a long nink tongue from between her parted lips and deftly captured the olive. She played with it on the tip of her tongue for a second, then swallowed

it and turned away from the bar. Eric's gaze followed her as she walked away. This was one in a million. Every inch of her spelled class and money. The ski awester was one of those special hand knits that someone forked out at least a bundred for. It was tastefully fashioned, but the soft knit clung lovingly to the deep, inviting valley between her defiant breasts. The neck of the sweater curled protectingly around her smooth throat and under the long blond hair.

Her ski pants were tailored and expensive, too. Fitted almost skintight, they caressed every inch of

her tall, lovely body as she walked. At each step the boots nulled the trouser leg taut, outlining her hips and each delicious curve of her

Eric was tingling with a heady excitement as he tried to clear his dry throat. The girl had reached Loudmouth's table. She pecked him on the cheek and sat down beside him. Still talking, Loudmouth put a menty hand on her knee. Her

eves looked into Eric's. He knew he should have realized that Loudmouth and the girl were together. Now that he did know, he

mused, he had better go over and make them feel welcome. "When I was at the Matterhorn in '52-" Loudmouth rembled as Eric approached the table.

"Welcome to the lodge," Eric smiled, "My name's Eric Lane. I'm head instructor and unofficial greeter." Loudmouth stopped talking long

enough to introduce himself as Charles Grover, and his wife as Sylvia, After that he returned his attention to the captive listener. Refe sat down and turned his attention to Mrs. Grover. She squeezed his les between her knees under the table.

"Twe been looking forward to meeting you, Eric," she said. "T've

heard so much about you." Her voice carried a special meaning that quickened his pulse. ERIC SAW MUCH of Sylvia during PAWN SHOP

"Mon, was it cold lost night! You won't believe me when I tell you what happened!"

the next few days, but Grover was always with her. Even with her husband in the same room, though, Sylvia managed to tantalize Eric with an unmistakable promise. Whenever they sat together, her hand repeatedly brushed Eric's leg. And whenever she spoke to him, she leaned intimately close, pressing her firm rine breasts against his arm. At these times her nearness and the musky perfume she were stirred a sensation deep in his stomach that was both

delicious and maddening. Then one evening while he was sitting in the bar with the Grovers, the suspicion suddenly struck him that she was merely toying with him. Who the hell did she think she was? Didn't she know he could have any girl in the valley just by snapping his fingers? When the idea occurred to him, he quickly looked up at her and caught her studying him with obvious amusement, as if saying: "So you finally caught on!" His face flushed a deep red, and he swore that he'd have her if it was the last thing he ever did.

THE NEXT MONNING he got his first opportunity to talk to Sylvia alone. He was walking toward the basement ski storage room when he saw her coming out. He grabbed her arm roughly. "When are we going to get to-

gether?" he demanded. His voice was a harsh croak, "Why, Bric, whatever do you mean? she asked with mock sur-

"You know exactly what I mean," he snapped, and pulled her roughly to him.

For a brief moment she relaxed in his arms, letting all of her full body cleave hungrily to his. Her hand crawled slowly up the back of his neck, causing the room to snin dizzily. His skin, where it proped against her sensuous body, was on Suddenly she twisted out of his

arms and stood looking at him from a few feet away. Her eyes glittered in the dim basement light. "There's a time for everything, Bric," she hissed at him, "And this isn't it -- not yet." She turned and

walked quickly away. He was unable to say anything for a few seconds. The blood was pounding in his ears, and when he tried to put a cigaret in his mouth he noticed his hands were shaking "Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!" he shouted at the empty corridor

ERIC VENTES HIS frustration on his



Star Stripper Patti Cake Is Guaranteed to Melt Icing on Any Man's Pastry!











It is sociarriz, that many birlesque afficianados de la comparación de la comparación de de la comparación de la comparación de mamed Particia Neslon. But mention an ultrahigh-voltage little bundle of excitingly flashed nitrospecim named Patty Cake, and the chances are you'll get a rousing "Yeah puril get a rousing" resitate de la comparación de la comparación se de la comparación de la comparación de se de la comparación de la comparación de la seta de la comparación de la comparación de se de la comparación de la comparación de se de la comparación de la comparación de la comparación de se de la comparación d

Man!" almost anywhere that curvaceous cuties shed their skins, · Patricia and Patty, of course, share the same luscious little body, and both are equally expert in making it do provocative tricks for the paying customers. In fact Patricia's "Cake" pseudonym is in full accord with the current trend to hand earanapping monickers on xipper-spapping cuties who make their living via the eodysiast's art of clothes-neeling. . Here we see Patty, who is a brown-eyed brunette from East Los Angeles. engaging in a typical sample of her pleasant form of self-expression. Pattie, who radiates energy, both onstage and off, was shot by a Berwyn-Abbot Agency photographer, as she auditioned before takeoff on a job in Honolulu. where she is currently giving the brand new 50th state residents some idea

of the privileges of state-hood. If you care, the dark gentleman with the widow's pack (above, left) is Gary Berraym, who did you have a state of the private of the privat

 A bubbling, vivecious type when in the spotlight, Patty-Pattrcla carries her vitality with her when not on the beards. Anax joins her growing army of fans in crying, "Come back from Hopolulu!"







In the good old days, the greatest show of all was played on the headsman's block

Let's Bring **Back Public** Executions

THERE IS, at present. a considerable element among us which decries in print the persistence of violence in our entertainment as an escapist drug. Something, they feel, should be done to replace this universal escapism into make-believe gore

Yet, it would appear that the viewers-with-alarm are off on a dead-end track. Instead of seeking to divert the public from one form of make-belief, which it enjoys, to one it can never possibly accept, let us solve the problem at one bold stroke by giving the folks reality in the field they truly love the most In short, let us restore the public execution with all the pomp and fanfare of yore, plus the vastly wider public it could reach through modern media of communication. Can you imagine what the gas-

chamber antics of a Barbara Graham would draw over closed-circuit. or an electrocution would gross under a similar setup?

Putting mide soft humanitarian considerations for the moment, Barharn would not have died a wasted death had her execution been properly exploited. She might have lived a wasted life, but her "turning off as they used to call it would not have cost the innocent taxpayers money, but would actually have lightened their load via entertain-

In passang, properly exploited exjig-time the difficulties of selling nav-TV to the television public. pieces of silver - say about 30 - if - twen to page 46



In his strange quest for the perfect planet, Juan forgot the horror of secret desires

PLANET OF DESIRE

by WILLIAM NETTING

THE SPACESHIP VIEWER

revealed a handsome planet. Through the layer of huzy strosophere that surrounded it, could be seen wide blue occans and fertile continents and islands of green foliage. In the red glow of gigantic, distant, Antorac, the small polar iercape gleamed like ruddy jewels. A

ly about it in their gentle orbits.

In the lounge of the star-vessel rapidly approaching this jewel of a planet, Juan von Hurlitz swung his swivel-couch slowly to study his three companions and thought with a touch of grim satisfaction upon the



weed. His small, deep-set eyes regarded the courtesan intently.

"What in hell would you do there?" he asked in the deep bass Without a stir of her incredible lashes. Sheila Singh replied, "I

should lie there on the soft turf and let the sweetness course through me. I should review the mad mossic of my memories and select the patterns of beauty. And then I should live within them and find peace."

"Peoce!" growled Montezuma Smith making derision of the word. His massive bull of a body swung in -turn the page

Juan smiled, "There it is, darling Sheila let her glossy head fall back upon the soft syncushion that supported her. "I wish," she said, speaking as if hypnotized, "for a garden of gemlike fruits and jade-

a gentle pool, in which swim golden carp. And flowers of shapes and colors and sweet scent unknown to man." Montezuma Smith, stretched out

on the swivel-couch alongside Sheila's, removed from his thick, aggressive line a thin, self-lighting smake of rich purple Centaurean

ing himself, the prime mover of the illicit fourney to Antarea XIII, they offered a strangely mixed quartet. There was Sheila Singh, exquisite as some ancient Oreintal ivory carving back on distant Earth, whose cool perfection preserved the agelessness of her beauty. Sheila, everexotic, the dream courtesan of a hundred worlds, whose slanted emerald eyes looked out, heavylidded, upon a universe in which, for her, there lay nothing new save

oddness of their assortment. Count-

"So that's Parkhurst's planet," she was saving, "the Planet of Desire."

PLANET, from page 13

her direction. As the rugged, multibillionaire interstellar transport magnate who was financing this journey across the stars to a long-forbidden planet, he had no hesitation in expressing his opinions.

planet, he had no hesitation in expressing his opinions. "Peaces" There was contempt in his laughter. "You'll be bored in a

week, Earth-time," he said. "Peace! Why not wish death?" Riley Cromwell spoke from across the starship lounge. In his soft, fluent, articulate way, he said, "Now,

mr. Smith, there is seenething to be said for the lady's wish." And, to Shella, "I take it, my dear, that this garden is to belong in a manless world?"

"Manless," she said, her emerado cycs hard with the vish. Manless, and womanless, too. If you know how few were the night surface the spent alone, you'd understand. I have had my fill of men — and of their eatilities, possessive mates, allows seems to claim as their right the men whose love they have forfeited."

"Tis not a bad wish at all, considering," said Cromwell. "But loneliness is seldom peace, my dear. On the contrary..."

Me let it trail off, lest in reverte. Riley Cremoul was an oddition in such wall-tailored surroundings. A specia, diversme, an interstallar bum, his presence was, to Juan, the centre of the entire jets he lad no palmatakingly promoted. A Midas, a harden of the entire jets he lad no palmatakingly promoted. A Midas, a harden of the entire jets he lad no palmatakingly promoted. A Midas, a harden of the entire jets he lad no palmatakingly promoted. A Midas, a harden of the entire jets harden of the entire jets he lad not not be promoted to the part of the part of the promoted of the part of

"Not for me," growled Montezuma Smith, watching the ash of his smoke slowly evaporate as the right of flame crept up its length. 'I want action, plenty of it. You know the

"I can guess," replied the poet.
"Women!" said the billionaire, his
deep-set little eyes aglow at the
thought.

"To held with lovel" he said. "Two hald it Sickening, cloying love of one weens. I tell you, it drove me into spece, it make me sich—merely to spece, it make me sich—merely to specific merely of it. — the with my billions—nid of it—me with my billions—nid yet them as could afford what I wanted, I was too big, too dammed supportant. Could it Doy myself a supportant Could it Doy myself a supportant Could it por myself as relative to the supportant could me to be supported to the supportant could me to be supported to the support of the suppor

you have grown to hate? To hell with love, I say—what I want is women, not love..."

"Area and acres of flesh..."
quoted the poet sardonically from an
archale joke of the mother-planet.
".. and all mine!" roared the billionaire, frankly defying the scorn

"... and all mine" reared the billonaire, frunkly desying the secon of a man he neither could nor wishold to buy. "Every, palptating, soft, quivering square inch of it, mése!" Shella Singh, who had closed her emerald eyes during this interchange, opened them again and regarded Juan with lary curiosity. "And you," she saked gently. "What

is your wish?"

Juan laughed a negligent laugh, "I suppose," he replied, "that my wish is to discover whether the rumors

about this planet are true."
It stopped them, as each in his or her own way considered the dread-ful possibility of disappointness, the stopped them, as Juan intended it to, stopped them, as Juan intended it to, the property of the planet of the stopped them, as Juan intended it to, the property of the planet, and possible deristion. He had examil desire to expose it even to himself. It had been a small child and, after hitting a frog with a stick, had watched it die with a stick, had watched it die.

The planet they were at engage approaching - Anstrex XIII, Parks hurs's Planet or the Planet of Dearc, take your pick — was legendary throughout the broad, thin disc of whirling sums and planets called whirling sums and planets called covered, some 10 years of the covered, some 10 years and planets the covered, some 10 years and planets of the property of the property of the property of the parts of the p

Then had come a long, negative report, one which had resulted in Antares XIII being put on the offbounds list of planets. The protten of this report that had been released to the public revealed matter-of-skedy that Parkhurst's Planet had an inherent and deadly psychological offect upon homo superas. The exsisted, had died as a result of exposure to its morbid residution, Parkburst himself would be heard from

Thus the official report, while it could hardly be termed ordinary, was not of sufficient pareness in the early statement of Many injusted official patients of Many injusted official report of the ordinary of the ordinary of a complex and dramatic ers. Yet, through the decades since, among those who have accuss to supposedly secret information, Parkhurd's Planet continued to

gather luster as a cross between Nirvana and a Utopia where every man's supreme wish came true. Knowing, confidential sources had

Knowing, confidential sources has it that an incredibly advanced, since vinibled life-form had created upprocessing device that pseudostal before the processing device that pseudostal life-forms to touch its surface. An advance XIII as sounning and the season of the pseudostal life-forms to touch its surface, that, having sounned them and dispested its findings, could proceed that, having sounned them and other whatever answer the findings sughested. Out of this, had been failured to the season of the

Some had it that the device de-

stroyed man through autifaction of his own sinusual longings. Others whispered that it drove men (as it had driven Parkhuset and his crew) to mutual or self-destruction by turning them into raging parasonios. Still others insisted thet the explorer, with or without hat cere, and atumbied into heaven upon an alter more and the scare-report merely to keep other men from sharing its deligits.

It was a sheer matter of luck, that Juan von Hurlitz, while vacationing with a vida-roll actress on a planet of Bootes, had stumbled upon and facetimiled a copy of the aging Parkhurst report. It had been, until his meeting with Montecuma Smith in a pleasure place of a planet of Betelgause, the most closely guarded secret of the life.

After returning to Earth itself to do research on Ivan Parkhusst, Juana had found no reasen to doubt the truth of his famous report. The explorer, he judged correctly, had been psychologically inengable either of exeggeration or downright lying open The report itself had been too prosaile, too matter-of-fact, to suggest fraud.

Like the other members of the odd quartet aboard the robot starskip, Juan knew the incredible truth. He knew that the three-man crew of Parkhurat's vessel had died in the plores's skip and left blin derellet upon a planet where intelligent life of a high level had long since case to exist. He knew, too, that some such advanced device as the without though just how it worked, and the what extent, the report had falled to what extent, the report had falled to

state.

Had Juan von Hurlitz possessed a grain of the power-drive that motivated Montezuma Smith and other such titanic human forces, he might have made himself immensely important, even in the immense expension of galactic man. He possessed

every needed attribute—intellect, imagination, magnetic good looks, physical strength and courage, superb education and above all presence—that intangible quality that commands the attention of other men at will, to say nothing of other

Perhyan because he had been on richly endouwd, perhaps because he had been on richly endouwd, perhaps because he had early discovered that somewar was alvoys eager to grant his slight-divided by the second of the

seems things that had not appealed. Promoting the lifet trip to Parkperson the lifet trip to Parkthe Parkthe Parkthe Parkthe Parkthe Lad worked on the project five years, Earth-time, selecting his odd and tiny group as curvally as a comnoineur selects the wines for chosen not only because he had the wealth and power to meange such a bottley trip in huxury but because he was the epitems of everything on Studies and the Parkthe Parkthe Parkthe Parkthe Studies was chosen because of her

decadesce and because she could
s, satisfy his sexual needs so need to
look upon beauty throughout the
stronger—Riley Cromwell because he
represented the eternal poet, the imser
aganative intellectual, a man with
while holding him socially beneath
while holding him socially beneath

his feet.
Reparding the poet, Juan was reminded that Cromwell had not spoken his desire. He seked him, and the vagabond artist hesitated, a bit unesally before he spoke. "I wish," he said finally in his soft, slurred, musical voice, "to give happiness to

someone who has never known it, to share with her that happiness and to watch her flower and blossom in its warmth."
"Very pretty," said Sheila, a flicker of interest fading quickly from

her omerald eyes. "Happiness with a woman?" Her lashes, once more resting upon her cheeks, revealed how little she could credit such a wish.
"For once," growled Montezuma

Smith, "Miss Singh and I agree. To find happiness with a woman is like seeking safety not in numbers. You need quantity before you can find quality."

quality."
"Go on, Riley," said Juan to the post.
But Cromwell closed his sensitive line stubbornly and refused to say

more. Oddly, there was a glint of sullen anged in his dark-blue eyes. Not long after this conversation, the star-yacht, gripped in a plane-

nay beam that sitashed its motion as if with a course look, lassed gently upon a sleek, translocent harsitand surrounded by estily designed, lastly beautiful structures as superior to those of star-flying Mankind as his were to the skyserupers of the revealed neeting. After testing, the course of the terestiled century. After testing, the could be supported quarter of the course, the couldy assorted quarter of Earthfuld stepped bestiantly through the spaceport of their ship to stand upon the surface of the

Forbidden Planet.

The gravity was perhaps a third lighter than that of Earth, and the atmosphere was delightfully buoyant and stimulating.

Thus, they strolled without fatigue about the spaceport, each reacting in accord with him or herself.

in accord with him or herself.

Riley Cromwell was wide open of expression and of eye with wonder, as they threaded their way in and out of buildings that could surely not have been designed for and by beings anatomically remote from humans. He looked, wondered, did

Montexuma Smith, on the other hand, pushed, prodded and tested everything from food dispensers (which worked), to alien devices (which also worked, presumably, but whose purpose remained mysterious). He commented in sporadic, muteral grants.

Shells remained in a state somewhere between the poet and the billionaire. Her habitual languor was lightened, however, and she hummed softly, melodiously as they propressed.

Juan, as was his alert custom, studied the others and where they

went. It took him little time to note that, however they directed themselves, invariably they ended up at the same delicately designed portal - or at one of several exactly similar portals. When they had had enough of unguided sightseeing, he stood aside to let the others pass through ahead of him-and then returned to the ship. Reports or no reports, he had no intention of being his own guinea pig on a planet that might offer his one chance at the immortality he craved. It was far better to let the others die - if death was to be their fate. There was still that unexplained slaughter of Parkhurst's crew. Because he was

tired, he slept . . .



"This really feels good after a busy evening."

When it comes to passing the buck, here's the cat who's got politicians beat a mile

by FRANK W. GRAY

cartoons by DEMNIS



Beware: the Short-Change Artist



est of small-tume rackets is the ancient and dishenorable art of short changing. It is worked on both sides of the counter, by dishonest clerks and cashlers, as well as by supposed customers. Usually, however, short changing is an outside rather than

an inside job. The human vultures who perfect themselves at this method of getting something for nothing usually rely on confusing the victim, or on "the hand is quicker than the eye" technique. For example, one of the cheapest of the short change dodges is the substitution of a nickel for a quarter in making change. This is done by concealing the nickel between the fingers, and substituting it for a quarter after change has been counted out. The supposed customer then must have gotten mixed in with the quarters in the cash register. Sounds like small pickings, but one man who was caught at it confessed that he had been working the nickel-quarter substitution for years, and had got-

ten by with it thousands of times. Some short changers insist they gave the elerk or cashier a larger bill, than the one they were given change for. They argue in loud tones, call for the owner or manager, and try to put the employee in the avong by making a disagreeable some. Sometimes, the party in suthority decides there may be some doubt, and pays off rather than continuing the verbal dog fight. It is not so easy to work this dodge anymore, because most people who handle money have learned to guard against it by placing the bill in plain sight on the stab of the reguster while making change. Another old-time short changing

trick is to flash a ten or twenty dollar bill continually shills making a purchase. The short changer makes a sure that the clerk has seen this billian several times. At the last instant, a mailer bill is substituted, a rapid first of conversation is kept up, and manyal a clerk has taken for granted that her the larger bill was actually handed over. The human mind works that her

The favorite practice is to set in such a way that the victim is confused. For instance, the short change strat approaches a store cleir and asks han to change a treasity official related of calculates, because the inter are more experienced in handling money, at the clerk comist sout the, change, the com man suddenly handled the changes his mind again, and makes a small purchase. The process of house poses is kept up until the poor clerk is not sure who owns walks out with a tidy profil.

centers. The operator, wearing a white apron and posing as a clerk in a nearby shop, approaches the busy checker in a supermarket. He carries ing that he wants to mail the money in a single twenty dollar bill, and that he doesn't have one in his shop. The clerk takes the sheaf of singles from the con man, hands over a twenty, and then begins counting the by a dollar. Feaming surprise, the con man hands the clerk the sealed envelope, presumably containing the twenty dollar bill, and tells the clerk he will run back to his own store and get the dollar bill which was short. Naturally he never returns velope, which of course bas been paper inside.

The art of short changing is sometimes practised by dishonest cashiers. When paying checks in a restaurant, or some other busy place of business, people are often in a hurry, and don't always bother to count their change. If change for a twenty changer behind the counter may rapidly count out the first ton, and then hesitate to see whether the customer walks away without claiming the balance. One cashier who was finally caught at this confessed she had cleared several hundred dollars every month by short changing careless and impattent customers.

less and impathent customers.

The marked bill trick is worked by two abort changers, operating to-gether. One settlers a store, makes a stee, make a stee or twenty dollar bill. The confected consist in immediately afterward, makes another small purchase, and pays for it with a one dollar bill. He then channes he was short changed, that he actually gave the clerk a ten or twenty. He argues long and food, continue number be had written on it.

bill. His partner embers soon after, flashes some kind of bedge or forged credestials, and informs the clerk he is on the trail of some counterfeiters who have been passing bogus money in that neighborhood. He shows the clerk a list of serial numbers which are supposed to be on the fake bill — usually twenties— and asks him

—usually twenties—and saks him to check his register. Sure enough, the last bill taken in has one of the suspected numbers. The phoney agent asks to take the bill for evidence, and gaves the clerk a receipt for it. Then he walks out, and is

One might conclude in reading descriptions of some of these capers that they are pretty obvious, and should be easily detected. But remember this—the short charge artsit works fast, puts up an honest ap-



for quick reference. The clerk opens the register, sees the bill with the number written on it, and may conclude he has made a mistake. This trick, with variations, has been worked from one end of the country

Then, there is the phoney agent trick, also an old-time favorite. A short changer makes a small purchase, and pays for it with a large pearance, is as elever as a magician of tentualization attention, and at confusing the victim by keeping up a flow of conversation. Whether you happen to be clerk, cashler, or customer, the only protection against thus form of petty larseay is to watch your money, count your money, and never allow yourself to be burried or flurried when making change. Po-



Passes by RON VOGEL

the girl maker



AT FIRST MEETING, he seems like the guy next door, pleasant looking, a little shy, and warm and friendly when he talks. Statisticians might call him average. A stranger might call him ordinary.

But his name is Juck Leynmwood and he's far from being either average or ordinary. In fact, his vocation has made him one of the most interesting and envied men in the world today. His vocation is exquisite women!

Jack Leymwood is an artist, the helt to a tradition that actually began as far back as the 14th Century. Before that time, the beautiful form of woman had been draped, dulled, flattened, and robbed of all its voluptuous beauty. It took the Renais-





While Jock sets up his equipment, the girls busy themselves in checking their own





Preliminary conferences on the sun deck establish the work schedule for the day

sance artists, all of them verile nonconformists, to break with tradition and give flesh and warm blood to

their female creations. As late as the 20% and 30% of our own century, the tradition was because the control of the control of

heeded.
Then, in the early '50s, Jack
Leynrevood come along and changed

things again.

Jack is what is usually called a
"born" artist. He has been told that
the first day he was able to grasp a
pencil be started sketching. At first
it was puppy dogs and fire engines,
then plane and rocket ships, and, at
last, when he entered his teens,

giris!

It was often a pretty embarrassing

thing." he recalls shyly, "Sometimes in the middle of a Geometry class the teacher would eateh me sketching institution of the sketching institution between Geometric Sketching in the sketching in the sketching could never quite make her mortal could never quite make her mortal sand that Jean Harlow on a bentakin rug was more interesting than $A=\mu r^*$. Although it wasn't exactly seconcity, at least it showned her I

had some interest in figures!" By the time Jack was ready to convert his school-boy fancy into a profession, Hitler was on the rampage. So Jack put his plans aside and enlisted in the Air Force. Although the Armed Services have always been infamous for turning geniuses into potato-peelers. Jack (probably through a lucky mistake) got placed into his own field. And anyone who shouldered a rifle during the '40s will easily remember Jack's big posters with the gorgeous. seductively dressed French strl that warned the boys, in carefully discouraging words, to be very, very careful. Looking back now, one wonders if Jack's lovely creatures

really accomplished much dis-

couraging.

By the time his discharge came, Jack had learned that the art of creating beautiful women on the drawing board was more than out-lining a shapely leg and full beautiful and the season of the control of the season of the increasing use of photography, but still full of exciting postabilities. Whit was percled was a new approach, something no stimulating that it coint complete success likely than 15 miles of the complete success of the increasing use of photography. The sum of the control of the contr

aspects of his field.

So he went back to school. For four years he studied tirelessly long





ly, these paintings are not in com-

petition with the photographic art. They're something different, some-

thing individual in themselves. The

only similarity between the photog-

rapher and me is that we both need

studio resembles a wonderful day-

dream. There, in revealing and

tuntalizing poses, recline the most

early in the morning. Despite the early hour, the girls invariably ar-

rive in a playful, ready-to-work

Over a cup of coffee (or a cock-

tail, if they start later in the day), Jack and the girls discuss the poses

and effects he wants. When all is clearly understood, the girls retire

upstairs to undress and prepare

themselves. Long experience has taught Jack that the best model is a relaxed model, so after the girls are

undressed he lets them wander

around the house until they begin

Because he often uses two models in a day, Jack usually begins work

beautiful young ladies imaginable.

exquisite girls for models." On a typical workday, Jack's



day after long day with model after model, often working late into the night, drawing with charcoal, pastels, oils, and every media he could "I still didn't feel I was complete-

ly ready," Jack admits, "What I needed was time to experiment, and money. So I went into magazine illustrating, using every extra dollar and hour I had to work with the most beautiful models I could find. It wasn't until mid-1951 that I felt I had worked out the right technique." And the right technique it was! With only three published paintings,

orders started pouring in, some of them from the top magazines in the

What Jack had developed was something essentially simple. "Instead of painting pure form, I concentrated on realistically conturing the personality of the model, that special third-dimension it's so easy tiful body. I suppose you could say I compromised on something between interpretative painting and the realism of photography. Actual-







DON'T GIVE ME that, Miss Helenor Young?" roared Captain Jake Troy. "The man is dead and be was found in your quarters!" He slammed himself away from the hobby workbench in his cabin where he had been fiddling with electronic components

He rose to his feet, a giant of a man with a bull-like body gone slightly soft from ten years in the free lance space freight business. He was a hard-bitten thirty-five years old and had seen a lot of

baffling, weird things in knocking around the star systems of the

Empire, but this topped them all He glared down at the beautiful slim loveliness of the famous vid exercise and sport seemed to compensate for the long months of inactivity and routine aboard the rust-bucket Helen O' Troy which

But even now in his towering anger at the inexplicable death of

vibrations from the old spaceship's crochety Bloch converters as they pushed her at a slow six times the speed of light through interstellar space.

"What happened? Did he try to rape you, is that it?" The beautiful young woman sat cringing in a chair by the steel startling red hair was disarranged. She wore a half buttoned green blouse and tight green shorts. Five months in space was a long time. Jake found his eyes feasting on the half-exposed whiteness

"I don't remember," she sobbed, slumped down in abject fear and shame. "I don't ever remember when - I just don't remember!

Possessed by the strange alien life, Helenor needed sex as others need water

castaway from hades by RICHARD E. GEIS





CASTAWAY, from page 22

Can't you leave me alone?" I have to know what went on in that cabin before you came out of it in a hysterical fit with no clothes oe. Pato Saunders is dead and I can't find out how or why he died. There isn't a mark on him. He didn't have a weak heart. Now you tall me something!"

"I-I met him in the passageway outside my abin." She suffled and stopped crying, stealing quick fearful looks up at Jake. "He wanted to know something about the engines of the yacht before Mr. Vick tinkered with them and we crashed on that awful planet where you found that awful planet where you found

Jake nodded. She'd still be maroozed there on Hades IV if a water pipe in Heles O' Troy's lower hold hadn't sprung a leak. It had gone undeteeted until an emergency landing at the nearest Earth-type planet was Imperative. The seasmer had spotted the wreck of the space yucht on their fifth down-spiral.

She continued, "I said I didn't know anything about them and then he began to—" She buried her face in her hands. "I don't remember after that. He tried to kiss me and I can't remember!"

Jake wrinkled his brows in thought. There was something radically wrong with this girl. She'd

bean living in that wreck for two months before the Helen O' Troy lumbered in for repairs and water. There was little food left in the smatch galley of the yacht. In the still serviceable main section cabins Jake and his Navigstor "Rat" Condon had found two men, freehly deed, but no visible widence of their manner of dvise.

manner of dying.

What was worse, and this froze
Jake's blood, both had been stark
naked in their beds. Exactly as Pato
Saunders was found. And this fobulous woman swore she remembered
nothing about any of the deaths

Suddenly, the Helen O' Troy lurched into an abrupt change of course. Jake shifted his weight automatically from long practice as the spaceship groaned with stress in its

avoldance of a meteor.

The girl was pitched out of her chair cetto the floor: She cried out sharply in pain and began wesping again. Jake helped her up and examined the skin on the underside of her left arm where it had scraped on the deck.

"It hurts, it harts," she wailed. He looked at her sharply. The skin had hardly been damaged. There wasn't even a scratch. He tested for a broken bone with negative results. "You're making a lot of fuss over nothing. What's wrong with von? To

thing?" He hoped she could. With a crew of three men, including himself, the ship couldn't afford another tragedy.

She wilted in his arms and he was

She wilted in his arms and he was uncomfortably aware of the deliciously soft cushion of her breasts against his chest. He sat ber on his

bunk. She recovered and stared straight aband as she told her story. "Mr. Volk, my producer, warn't astfadd with the speed the yacht was making so he started fiddling with the engines. They blew up and killed him. The mate crash-landed her on that horrible planet and he and the cock and I just settled down to war. Everything was broken ... there was no way to signal."

She paused and awallowed and cleaved her eyes. "It was so hot and the jungle was all around us and it was so quiet. Always so quiet. The mate said for us not to go outside, but a day before you came I did it anyway. I couldn't stand them looking at me and the atank every-

where..."

Jake nodded to himself. The quiet
had gotten to him, too, even though
they'd been there only two days. It
was as if everything were in hiding

"I got outside and a small animal like a dog rushed up and bit me. It didn't hurt but I got dixxy right away and passed out." She looked up at Jake, her eyes like gray racks in her face. "You're going to make me tell everything.

atte product. The got to know."

I not know how much i'll let me dell you. It noon much i'll let me dell you. It noon me me de l'it let me dell you. It noon me de let let let not delle you to be fighting an internal battle. Her voice continued aloudy. 'I woke up and felt like I had something in me hack of my head Something in the back of my head was rooting around! My arms prince. I got up and fell down, I couldn't walk right. Ilke I was a couldn't walk right. Ilke I was a She shaddered and her back.

clutched at her face.

Then I went back into the wreck and ... oh, God ... I took off my clothes in front of them. I couldn't help it. I didn't have control anymore."

She threw herself down on the pillow and buried her face, sobbing. "Help me," she mosned. "Help

Jake sat beside her on the bunk and patted her shoulder. His mind was sorting through the stories, lite, fables, rumors, and facts he'd heard about Hades IV.



"George is making it for my birthday, but I'm not sure what it is,"

gut from a large hot Sol-type sun. It was covered by volcanic mountains. ing jungle filling the valleys. One third of its surface was a seething vellow sea. A team of ecologists had gone into its jungles some thirty had come out, raving about an alien life that fed on animal souls and was killing off the planet's larger mam-

mals faster than they could breed. The man was sent to an m-construction clinic, but a few scientists speculated that the alien life he speke of, if it existed, couldn't possibly be native to the planet. The theory went that the aliens were possible colonists ... or custaways. And that was about it. Not much was known about Hades IV, and apparently no one was much interest-

ed Jake was riad he'd ordered the men to wear space suits at all times when outside the freighter. "What happened after you took off

your clothes?" he asked. Her voice was muffled by the pillow. She refused to look at him. "I don't know ... exactly. Everything got all grey and faded out, When I could see and hear again the mate and the cook were both . . . like you found them ... and I was hangry and thirsty and I knew I'd been - " She broke off and tensed. Her body went

riold, "Sen!" she acreamed, "I knew I'd had sez!" Jake felt he needed a billioncredit computer to work out the an-

awer to the problem on his bunk crying her heart out. Was she possessed by an alien life form which sucked its existence from her sex-attracted victims, or was she a homicidal maniac? The crash on Hades IV and the enforced confinement with two lower-class

men could easily have caused the derangement. One thing bothered him: her extreme sensitivity to pain. What could cause that? Experimentally he reached over and pinched her arm. She reacted as if a live wire had

touched her. "No, don't hurt me, please. You shouldn't have done it. I can feel it waking up again. It hates pain. I can hear it thinking sometimes. Pain is like poison to it. It wants nerve pleasure."

pressed the sides of her head and her lips drew away from her teeth in a grimace of horror. "Oh, God, it's hungry again?" She emitted a long drawn out fluctuating moan. The mean stopped as if it had been

out off with a knife. She rolled over onto her back and looked at him. out and she was staring through

him. Jake felt a cold shiver slide down his spine. Her hands reached up to her blouse and ripped it from her body. Her mountain-like breasts with

their reddish brown peaks quivered from the abrupt motion of her body. He could see the nipples expanding, growing like tiny red pastries rising in an oven.

Her hands sought the plastic contact zipper in her shorts and pulled it open. With a single sinuous movement the shorts were slipped down and off. He couldn't help looking and wanting.

She turned on her side toward him and reached. With amazing strength lips. Her tongue slid eel-like into his mouth. In spite of his reasoned determination to resist he felt his hody responding massively to her elemental, direct love-making, her

She took his hands and placed them on her body, writhing under them, urging them to perform exciting pleasurable things. Her own hands explored his body and then fastened on him with a possessive intimate grip that left no doubt about what she wanted.

She had not spoken, but now there came from her lips a blood chilling me ... don't hurt me ... don't hurt me

...don't hurt me ... Jake looked into her eyes. They were open but totally unfocused. It was enough. His desire faltered and winked out. He was convinced He could think of only one thing that might help her. He stood up and quickly brought several lengths

of wire from a supply drawer below his hobby bench. She was moving and twisting on the bed, arms reaching blindly for him, hips jerking slightly, breathing deep but irregular. She wasn't

aware of it as he tied her arms and legs. He went to the bench again and brought back his soldering gun and plugged it in near the bed.

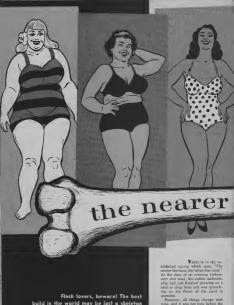
He hasitated, wondering if what he was going to do was best. There were legal, moral questions. He brushed them aside. Not while he was Captain of a spaceship. His will He took a deep breath and trig-

gered the gun against the sole of her left foot. If that thing in her brain reacted to pain like food poisoning. he was going to give it a fatal case of ptomaine She screamed. Her body con-

-turn to page 65



"Well, well --- what did I find! A lavely naked \$100 bill that's just dying far same pretty campany . . ."





phrase acquired the direct sexual coemotation it carries to this day This commutation implies that slim, slender or downright skinny gurls are better in bed than those with more flesh on their uners scaffolding. Use the surposes of this lattle pro-

into a chronic state of greyhound illhumor in the name of sexual attrac-

As one noted professional amorist recently put it, "The way things are nowddays, it's almost impossible to hay in with a wecann and not wake up the next morning without an epidermis brussed black and blue by the fact that her bones have no flesh to speak of to eushion them. Ah, for

the good old days, when a woman was like a sofa cushion, and a hell of

a let more fun!"

Was he right? Well, let's take a long, lingering look at the record...

In their art, the Greeks of yore may have tended to idealize things a little, but they were the first (and berhaus the only) propole to view hu-

man beings realistically and with bodily function in mind. So how did —turn to page 64



LOOK MA -- NO PANTS!

(Saxtorp, Sweden): Meterorychet Sven Wikander carre in second in this international race, but he drew a let more appliance than the wanter, for a couple of



HOLD 'ER JOE (Pinthough, Pa.) Undentified airman helps heist the begant pin-up on second 'The only problem is will Mar Boats no over his bank?



LOVE ME TENDER! (Bosten, Mass.): A 310-pound black bear hings on for dear lafe in lady-wrestler Alma Malls clutches Better nutzel Alma, too!



HIS ARE ON TOP! (Hollywod, Cal.): Hardy perennal sexpot blue West tests muscles of "Mr. Hercules" Red Lewis to make state everything is on the up and up and in proper place





OOPS! HER-ER-SLIP IS SHOWING (New York, NY.) Broadway showged Mane Wallace takes an unsolucted dive while modeling a gown on the Plant Fountain rin

SHOT IN THE - APSE

(Las Vegs, Nev.). Always the perfect gentleman, contenan Ken Murray believes in semoving his hat in a lady's presence. But on the occasion, when blende, butty Marse Wilson's has anapod, he overded it.

round-the-world

(Las Vegas, Nev.): Nipponese hoofee Mary Shinio yelps poettily as Dr. Howand Zellheder gives her polio shot. Other members of show await their turn THIS IS LEGAL? (Seattle, Wash.). The local solons said bikinis were okay if

and left the rest to the cops. Sgt. Arac Lind ponders legal-sty of pretty Durlen Smith's movel







From fighting to extortion to wild sex, there wasn't anything done that Fanny Sweet couldn't do better

All-Around Woman

FANNY SWEET HAD a certain something. Almost six feet tall, with ungainly hands and feet and a lumpy figure, she was outwardly a mess. But for some reason men looked beyond her hooked nose, bushy evebrows and thick-

For this masculine-looking woman never lacked for lovers, and left a trail of mangled

hearts and empty wallets from coast to coast, and even overseas. She was also accused of killing one man in a gunfight, of poisoning several others,

gun-running, blackmail, espaonage, voodoo and torture. In general, Fanny Sweet was what might be considered an all-around woman, turning her large, capable hands to whatever opportunity offered the chance for a quick dol-

lar - whether it was marriage, blackmail or murder. In 1861 the New Orleans True Delta named her a "modern Lucretia Borgia... one of of carrying a pair of pictols and a Bowie knife, and stated she sleet with this arsenal

Fanny replied by offering the story of her life to the paper, which was gleefully accepted and published in installments. In elegant rhetoric, Fanny toki of being born in

Relatives in Virginia took her in, but farmed her out to another member of the family when she was fifteen - a bachelor. This secondrel, Fanny said, seduced her, and she - turn the page

> Fanny lost her first brothel job when she threw the madame dawn stairs

WOMAN, from page 31
waited "trustingly for him to marry
her." She waited for two years, until
they boarded a steamer for New

Orleans.

At Memphis, the man vanished, leaving Fanny to go downriver alone and destitute. She was befriended by a man and wife on the bost, who

a man and wife on the boat, who offered her a place to stay in the city. But Panny slipped up later, and told them of her faithless lover. Shocked, they tossed her out into the streets.

She was found by a lawyer who offered his advice, and also his bed. Inexperienced Fanny hadn't developed her gift yet, and the man tired of her. She entered a brothel, mad at the world, and soon acquired a reputation for violence. She was

fired when she flung another prostitute downstalrs.

Fanny got her first real break when she moved to a bagnio on Boyal Street. There she met a young banker who begged her to become his private mistress. A year later, the banker omboziled a lierse sum

of money and skipped the country.
She denied he had given her any
of the bank's funds, and said she had
lived with him "for love." She pointed out that she had been meeting a
certain respectable gentlems on the
sky all this time, and had received

certain respectable gentleman on the sly all this time, and had received her support from him. But Fanny had enough joot to take off for New York, where she bought tickets for California for herself and "two friends." She also had money on hand to open a profitable haberdashery in San Francisco. The great fire of 1850 wiped her out, and she became mistress to a Sacramento.

property owner.
She circulated among the miners
there dressed as man, and was respected by them for her willingness
to fight it out on any terms. A stage
driver named Putnam made the mistake of slapping her one night. Fanny best him to the draw and

any own min to the graw and dropped him with a bullet through the head.

A more-than-friendly justice of the peace tried and acquitted her, but Putnam's friends stormed the judge's house waving a noose, Fanny escated and hid out or a prison ship escated and hid out or a prison ship.

moored in the river.

She beat it for more familiar grounds, and showed beselfy in New Orleans during 1838. She was next heard of in Aspinwall, Panama, where she was married. The lucky groom was Abraham M. Hinkley, wealthy owner of the California Ex-

press.

Reappearing in New Orleans the following year, Fanny bought a large home and showed the haughty Creoles she was now a lady of means. She was driven about in a gaudy carriage, dressed in silks and satirs, and sparkling with jewels. A

half-dozen slaves trotted along be-

and ner.

She brought suit for divorce from
Hinkley, and he conveniently
hastened proceedings by joining the
Walker filibiater to Nicuragua and
being killed. Soon afterward, Fanny
was hauled into court on charges of
torturing her slaves. The law freed
her unhappy Negroes, and Fanny

headed for New York again.

In 1800, she came back to a house
on Canal Street and embraced the
black magie of voedooism. Marie
Laveau was the ruling queen of the
cult at the time, and the two women
became close friends. Famy bought
quantities of charms, love poisons
and magie amulets. She ran sfoul offed a voedoo orgy of maked men and
women, and found her among them.

But her occult dabbling evidently paid off, for a new protector appearad on the some. Described as a "gentleman of years and means, of high standing in social and commercial circles," he set Fanny up handsomely.

He gave her a house on Batin Street, luxuriously furnished and well stocked with imported wines and liquors. Fanny had new slaves to mistrest, blooded horses and a mude-to-order carriage. She later peddiled this vehicle for some sixteen hundred dollars, no mean sum in those days.

Famy's creaking lover visited her several times need over the reserved times need over the reserved times to very sears. Meanwhile, the all-around worsan had other from the fire. She managed a neat little assignation house where she provided very young girls for the entertainment of elderly men. For the most provided very young girls for the entertainment of elderly men. For the shadomatled her eustomers, bleeding one to the tune of the through the shadomated dollars within a single way.

Her protector discovered her sideline, and tried to hreak off their relationship. Fanny laughed, and pointed out that she could eastly ruin him, also. He offered her a healthy sum to leave town. Fanny took it and stayed put. Later she put the bite on him for more money.

He refused, and Fanny sold the figured he was due to fall side before long. He did, and puzzled dectors called his malady "congestive chills." He didn't recover until Panny sold him a secret remedy. After this near-fatal bout with his mistress's voodoo powers, the old man paid off regularly and quietly.

Fanny looked for new fields to conquer, and fixed upon a man other women considered a highly un-



"Stop complaining! This is it! There IS no easier way to make a living!"

likely prospect. Although rich, William Stephens was known as a tightwad wtdower, and a bluenose who wouldn't even be seen in a coffee house, much less the places Fanny fractionals.

frequented.
Somehow, Fanny hooked him. She closed her house and moved in with Willie, dressing as an anna and posing as his nephew to protect his reputation. In 1881 she made a business trip to New York for him, and turn-

ed a little profit of her own.
Unearthing scene valuable millitary reports on the massing Yankee armles, Fanny hurried back to New Orleans and sold the information to Confederate headquarters there.
The war gave Fanny scene big

Connederate nestiquariers there. The war gave Fanny some big ideas. She talked Willie into turning everything he owned into cash. They'd travel overland to Mexico, she said, buy quinine and guns, and haul them back for a fast and profitable saie to the Rebels.

Accompanied by a man called oddly enough — Lincoln, they set forth with about sixty-five thousand dollars resting in Willie's poke. Fanny had two passports — one as a man, one "Frederick Stephens, a subject of Great Belisin," and an-

other as a female.

Between Houston and Corpus

Christi, Willie came down with the

"congestive chills." Maybe Fanny's

romancing with young Lincoln

brought on the illness. But she didn't

seyect Willie to die until after they'd

crossed the Mexican border. He fool
d her by expiring near Revnaryille,

and causing an investigation.

Fanny turned her hidden charms
upon a police chief, and no inquest
was held. Willie was buried and
Fanny and Lincoln quickly found
other places to go. Of course. Wil-

He's money went with them.
Reports of Stephen's death reached New Orleans and caused an uproar. The Frac Delts reported Fanny
and her lovger fleeing through Mexico, and remarked that her boyfriend's life "could not be insured

at this time for ninety-nine cents on the dollar. He will not doubt be attacked by congestive chills before they are halfway to Vera Cruz."

Police searched Fanny's New Orleans house and unearthed her voodee whet It continued a lock of

leans house and unearthed her voodoo chest. It contained a lock of bloodstaleed hair, amulets, and packets of suspicious white powders. Fenny later claimed that these were love charms, and nobody ever proved differently. Mayor John Mooroe of New Or-

leans heard the pair was still in Texas, and sent a detective to intercept and arrest them. He also wrote

to Brownsville authorities for infor-

mation.

A dozen letters came back, testifying, if not to Fanny's insocence, at least to her consumate ability as an actress. One such stated size had shown "socrow inconsolable" at Willie's death, and that "I would as soon believe the Angel Gabriel did violence to Stephens."

ence to Stephera."
Fanny saw to it these testimonials
were published, and a wave of sympathy swept the city. The Picupuse
newspaper said there was "nothing
against Fanny Sweet but her past
reputation." On December 12, 1861,
she and her lower were released,

cleared by an official announcement of the state attorney general. When Yankee troops captured the city, Fanny vanished. It might have been too tough to make a dollar under the occupation of the bluecoats. For the next few years, reports

placed her variously in New York, Washington, and other cities scattered throughout the North. Rumor had it that the redoubtable Fanny Sweet was operating as a highly-paid deplorage agent for the Confederate Army, and that the

ranny sweet was operating as a highly-paid diptomage agent for the Confederate Army, and that she insisted upon being paid for her services in good, hard gold. After the war Fanny returned to New Orleans and reopened her

After the war Fanny returned to New Orleans and reopened her house on the corners of Basin and Gazquet Streets. Under her deft supervision, the house became wellknown as a place where jaded appetites of tired — and rich — old men could be tempted by young and often virginal morsals.

Fanny seems to have turned her back upon blackmall about this time, for her business procapered. She was in no acrious trouble with the police for the twenty years she operated her place.

Somewhat gentled by experience, war and age, Fanny still had that indefinable something—that subtle, overpowering lure that brought men to knowled at her feet.

Certainly age did not mellow nor soften the heavy features, the coarse skin and newlward posture of the woman. When Fanny left town for the last time in 1889, she was as ugly as ever. All of sixty years old, her face

showing the lines of a hard and violent life, Fanny took with her a new lover—a wealthy one, of course. She died in Florida, unpunished for her many sins, and probably passed on happils. For Fanny Sweet had something most office women would have sold their souls to possess—and uneanny ability to lure



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PLANET. from page 15

A SILVER-AND-PURPLE dawn awakened him and drew him from the confines of the ship. Arming himself, for while brave enough if conditions warranted bravery, Juan was not a man to take needless risks, he walked forth into the soft, sweet early daylight. When he reached the gate through which his companions had

passed the evening before, he hesitated, then boldly pushed on through. He found himself in a veritable garden of Eden, a garden as described in the long-dead pages of the Koran, a place of gem-like fruits and jade-green leaves and downsoft turf. After a bit he found himself standing on the lip of a gentle pool in which swam golden carp. On every side, flowers of shapes and colors and sweet scent such as he bad never seen or smelled filled the

air with rare and exotic perfume. In such surroundings, he was not surprised to come upon Sheila. stretched out, nude and perfect as an ivory figurine upon a sort of bower of turf and roses, who petals clung, here and there, like velvet jewels to her velvet akin. As she lay there, her gem-encrusted fingers played idly in a small pile of precious stones the like of which Juan had never seen, not even in the Mine Museum of Bootes.

She looked up at Juan and smiled without embarrassment, although she was not alone. Her bower-bod was shared by a softly muscled youth with the proportions of an ancient Greek Apollo and the empty eyes of a zombie.

"I thought," Juan said, regarding the spectacle with mild surprise, "that you wanted to be alone, Sheila."

She laughed - the marry tinkling silver laughter of a happy little girl. "I thought so, too," she replied, running her exquisite sparkling fingers through the silken, ruddy curls of her lover's head. "But when I began to weave my memories, he came and it was he I wanted. He leaves without a word when I have enjoyed enough, and returns when I am

rested. "Why the jewels?" Juan inquired. nodding toward the glittering pyramid of brilliants beside her vernal

"Because they make me happy,"

she replied. "Because they tell me how much he values my love." Her perfumed body stirred, her lips sought those of the mindless thing in whose arms she lay, And Juan, a trifle puzzled, a trifle concerned.

went on his way. A bit further on, he found himself standing upon what looked like a railway track of nineteenth century America. It curved out of sight beyond a gabled passenger station, and presently, as he studied this phenomenon, a small, gaily painted. wood-burning locomotive, with funnel stack and all azleam with red paint and polished brasswork came chugging around the bend, bell ringing, and pulled to a stop. A bulky figure, emerged from the cab, toting an oil-can in one hand and a monkey-wrench in the other.

"Hello, Monte," said Juan to Montezuma Smith. "Quite a haram you've got here."

The euphoric glow in Smith's deepset little eyes was replaced with a look of sheepishness. "I know." he admitted, "I tried it at first - but a hundred women are exactly a hundred times more trouble than one This" - with an adoring look at the long-obsolete locomotive, tender and cars-"is what I've always really wanted. Ain't she a dandy? Once I get her really oiled up and firing, I'll have her doing seventy on the straightaway beyond the trestle. I'm telling you, von Hurlitz . . .

The growling basso went on, but Juan, his attention wandering, was regarding a man and woman who had just stepped out upon the station platform. The man was Riley Cromwell, but the woman at first was unfamiliar. She was radiantly beautiful and warm, although worry put a vertical line between her fine. level brows, and it was this radiance that deceived him briefly. Then, of course, he recognized her Interrupting Montezuma quietly,

he nodded toward the newcomers and said, "Isn't that your wife over there with Riley Cromwell, Monte?" The transport billionaire followed Juan's nod, and his face went pale beneath its spaceburn. His heavy mouth fell open, his little eyes went round as pearl buttons. He took a deep breath, all the happiness gone out of him, and moved toward the platform, Juan following.

"God damn it, Martha," he rumbled. "I might have known you'd never leave me alone. Why in hell do you have to come butting on in all the time where you aren't wanted? Why in hell did you have to come out here to Parkhurst's Planet after me?" 'I didn't come out here after you, Monte," his wife said with guiet dignity, although she, too, had lost some of her radiance at the encounter. "It was Riley who wished me here. I only thought, before I - went with him, that it would be the decent thing to let you know, to see how

you felt. After all, I am your wife," The billionaire listened incredulously, and there was a long pause when she had finished, a pause while he looked from one to the other of them uncomprehendingly. "Riley wished you here?" he said finally.

That's right," said the poet gently. 'Twe been in love with Martha ever since the first time I laid eves on her."

"And eyes are all you'll ever lay on her, you cheap, word-slinging tramp!" roared Smith as comprehension finally came. No bull-seal in mating time was ever more the outraged male defending his mate than was the transport billionaire at that moment. Something that he considered his was threatened, and whether he wanted it or not, he was prepared to defend it.

"You don't understand," said Marthe quietly. 'Tm going with Riley, since he wants me. I only hope I make him happy,"

"Darling!" said the poet, looking down at her dreamily. 'Darling, the shoe is on the other foot."

This display of open affection was too much for the irate billionaire. His face constested to bursting, he leaped at the lovers, brandishing his heavy monkey wrench. Juan, not in the least expecting such action, had no chance to check the big man's onslaught. He could only stand and watch while Smith brought the heavy iron tool whistling down on the poet's unguarded skuli ...

But not quite. A tall, male figure darted out of the station, carrying a two-by-four, with which he deflected the blow, then delivered upon Smith's person a stinging smack. square in the seat of his dignity, that sent him sprawling alongside the tracks. Furious, Smith scrambled to his feet, but something in the stranger's bearing caused him to slow to a stop.

"All right," said the latter, "T don't know who you are, but this has got to stop - right now and forever. By your own admission, you don't want the woman. Yet you were ready to commit murder rather than give her her happiness with another."

"Aw . . ." said the billionaire, actually blushing. "Aw - you don't understand. If she'd picked anybody clse..."

"Isn't that her business?" the stranger inquired. Smith souffed at the cinders between the tie-ends. Then he looked up and asid, "I guess you're right." He turned to Martha and Cronovale.

and added, "Why don't you two get loss? I was doing okay here until you came along."

He stood there, looking deflated, until the lovers vanished through the states, door "Pere heavily be

until the lovers vanished through the station door. Then, heavily, he climbed back into the cab. There was a defiant toot of the steam whistle, and the gay little train chugged on its way. Juan turned toward the

"You're Ivan Parkhurst, aren't you?" he asked.

"That's correct," was the reply. "I suppose I should have expected you people, or people like you, sooner or later." He seemed neither glad nor borry that newcomers had arrived to interrupt his exile. He looked, Jussa thought, rather like one of the haunted figures from a tale by Poe or Hawthures.

"I should think you would welcome company," said Juan as they walked through a landscape that, like Parkhurst, became more and

more like something out of Poe or Hawthorne.
"It means trouble," said the planet's discoverer. "It was the same sort of thing that caused my crew to destroy themselves and our ship. People so soldom know what they

want --- nor are they prepared to endure the wants of others."

A thought struck Juan. "Good lord, man!" he and. "Are you sure I didn't dream or wish you up? You can't be alive. You landed here more than forty years ago, and you were

a man of ninety-three then . . ." A thin smile crossed the other's long, and, haunted face. "I'm real," he replied. "As much as anyone is real."

"But after all these years," cried Juan. "Surely, you must wish for companionality." Parkhurst shrugged. "There's plenty of time for that," he said. "But you've over a hundred and

thirty years old!" protested Juan.
"You can't have much time left,
whatever miracle of geriatrics this
planet his wrought."
"I have all the time there is," said
Parkhurst simply.

Juan stopped dead in his tracks. He eyed the other oddly and said, "You mean, you wished for eternity?"
Parkhurst shook his head. "No."

he said simply, "I wished for death as soon as I discovered the properties of this planet and sent out my report. However, we seldem really want what we wish — or hadn't you

report. However, we seldom rea want what we wish — or hadn't y noticed?"
"I noticed," said Juan.
"That's wby the planet is uns

"I noticed," said Juan.
"That's why the planet is unsafe
for human beings," the immortal told
him. "It's analysis patterns strike
doep and true, which is more than
we can say of our own. I which of
death, but I wanted life—atternat
life—and I got it. I have not saged a
whisker in almost half a century,
Exth-time." He paused, shivered a
little, added, "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be moving along. I precuse me, I'll be moving along. I pre-

fer warmer temperatures."

Quite rapidly, he walked away,
leaving Juan ataring after him. Incomprehensible, be thought—or was
it. Shivering himself, he discovered
that a dark cloud had fallen over the
sun, and that on either side of a
grassloss path, leafless trees stirred

in a chilling, slowly rising wind.

He took off after Parkhurat, but he must, he decided, have missed the way. The dead forest grew ever theker about him, the sky darker, the wind colder and more cutting. A strange, mindless lassitude seemed to have infiltrated his very being, while it did nothing to drug hend. His legs were like lead, his

hreath growing abort, and he paused to cocsider what had happened, what was happening. He weighted every known factor, seeking his own wrong turning. Surely, if this were the road to immortality, it had taken a strange turning. For he felt tired and sick—tired and sick almost to death.

With the thought came understanding of the monatrous jets blad played upon himself. Why had he sought immortality so strong he sought immortality so trought when he loaded dart? Because, subconactiously, it was what he truly desired, and the loading was inspired by his fear of that deep size. Parkhurst had sought destit, or as he helieved, but had yeared, but had yeared it from this planet.

Juan had sought immortality and he was finding.. Slowly, he rounded a turn in the raterow path. He was not at all surprised at sight of the tall, bony, black-clouded figure that stood waiting for him there, an hourglass in one hand, a glittering eythe in the other. Nor did he flinch when fleshless fingers lifted the great blade with its wooden handle...

He simply stood there, waiting for it to fall. the greatest, most fantastic

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Adams



EXPENSIVE MacTavish:

Now what did Mac-Gillieudy do wi' his

WORRY, WORRY

The young man brought his girl tion. After the physician had looked her over, he told the youth, "Your young lady's a bit bloated, but that "Oh yesh?" snapped the young

man. "If you were the one who was out with her last month, it wouldn't worry me either?"

WOWIE

Brigitte Bardot, taken on a troutprize of the day, when it slipped from her hook at the very last minute. Swimmung excitedly back to his pals, he branned, "Listen, fellows, WHAM, BAM!

The Vermont farmer went into town one day to consult his doctor about a most vexing problem "Doc." he said, "I'm up agin' it. Sometimes, when I'm plowin' the hillside potato patch on the far side, I get the old urge But I got no way of lettin' Annie know about it, what with her tendin' the house and the kids. By down, I'm too blamed bushed to do

"You have got a problem," said

the MD. It's rainin' my marriage," la-

"Well," opined the medico after a moment of deep thought, "you might take a shotgun out into the field with you Then, when you get the urge,

nie to run out and join you." Delighted with the prospect of a fuller wedded life, the farmer went home in a glow But a week later,

he was back, more disconsolate than "Didn't you take my advice," the

doctor asked him. "Sure did," replied the farmer, "but it didn't do no good."

"I'll tell you how come," exploded the outraged farmer, "The deer season opened the next day, and poor

AND CLOSE ONES, TOO

he assumed, was a virgin. However, on their wedding night, be discovered having given him advance notice of

"What are you beefing about, buster?" she countered. "Look at "I know, but my enemies did this to me during the war."

"Well," she snapped, "my friends



FULLY EQUIPPED The visitor to our 50th state ar-



"Your last instructress will be Miss LaFave, who will teach you a few French expressions we couldn't put in our regular course?"



LOLITA?

After completing four films in a trip, Tab Newman, the movie star, retired to his Malibu hilltop hideout alone for a sorely needed rest. But in the middle of the very first night. he was roused by repeated knockings on the front door. Opening it half-dead, he was startled to see a cute little pony-tailed miss standing

"My hero!" cried the lass, "At last

I find you alone!"

"Who are you?" asked Tab. "Your most loyal and loving fan," the girl informed him, advancing upon him with no doubt as to her intentions. "I've been waiting and longing for months for this chance. Take me in your arms, darling, and amother me with kisses. Make pas-

"Hold on kid," said the actor. "How old are you?"

"Thirteen, but so what?" counter-"Thirteen!" he cried in horror. "You get the hell out of here quick!"

"Gosh!" said the girl, "You sure picked one swell time to get super-

AGREEDI It may not do much good to spank babies over eighteen - but it sure can be a hell of a lot of fun!



QUEENIE

Ian and Queenie MacIntyre had been married thirty long years, and not one day or night had passed in that time that they didn't have at least a single serious quarrel. One evening, over the haggis, they were having at one another with a will. Queenie, it appears, was thoroughly

irked because Ian had had no sex with her in almost a year. She put the fact in front of him in no uncertain terms.

"But, hoot, lassie," he said, "I'm growing older. I can no longer do it with all the fervor of my youth." "Coose the excuses Isn." said Ossenia "If it's cold you intend heing toward me, then cold I'll be to-

ward you - Mr. MacIntyre! "Hoot, Queenie -- " "And hereafter, you'll be kind enough to call me Mrs. MacIntyre,"

Queenie informed him loftily. In this deplorable condition, they retired for the night, with Queenie facing the wall. He lay down beside her and turned on his side toward her unwelcoming back. There was silence for a while, and then Queenle said furiously, "Mr. MacIntyre, would you mind taking your knee

out of my back." "Your pardon, Mrs. MacIntyre," he replied felly, "but that is not my

"Ian, darling," she cried softly, rolling over. "You may call me

Queente again." HARD TO FIND

There was a young lady named Lynde. As cute a miss as you could find Where a man on her floor.

Said, "Twe seen you before." She said, "Maybe, but not my be-



ROBBED The oyster clan found a wonderful

new bed half a mile up the Sound. They were busily engaged in packing up for the move when Mother Oyster discovered that Little Mary was weening in a corner as if her heart would break.

"Don't take on so, Mary," said Mother Oyster. "We're going to have a wonderful new home. There's nothing to cry about."

"But there is!" wailed Little Mary. "Now Johnny Bass will never be able to find me, and I love him with my whole being." 'Does Johnny love you, dear?'

Little Mary's mother asked anxiously. "Of course, he does," insisted Lit-

tle Mary, "Why, only last night, he took me in his arms under the bank. First he kissed me tenderly on the forehead. Then he kissed me passionately on the lips. And then-



"Chief say how much you want for pol-roast?"





Sandy's Got It Made



Sultry starlet offers magic cure to Hollywood's sagging lack of glamour

THIS SULTRY, Mata

Hari-eyed beauty is destined to be one of Hollywood's finest actresses. Five years in the glamor capital have given Sandra Edwards all the shake-down cruise she needs. Already she's been on more TV shows. been in more beauty contests, been on more managine covers, posed for more top photographers than any other, beauty in Hollywood. Now she's ready for the bigtime, and admits it. She's as sure about it as

those who know . . . and see her. Five years ago, at 16, Sandra, then a voluptuous, cherub-cheeked farm girl, with aloc-eyes, and a lithe body, arrived in town with only a light travelling bag and a white leotard. She had read somewhere about showgirl tryouts for the New Royal Nevada Hotel in Las Vegas. Auditions were held at the Holly-

wood Athletic Club on Sunset Along with dozens of other gorgeous hopefuls, Sandra paraded around in her white leotard. When she walked on the stage for the final test, the costing directors literally jumped from their mental casting couches, and gasped for breath, What they saw was a raven-haired goddess, with the legs, hips and beight of a moderate Amazon: with Renaissance courtesan. Sandra's classic mammaries measured 39 inches: her waist, a slim 22: her hips alightly larger than normal, 37 firm inches. Throw in pale brown eyes, half-mooned by thick, langurous lids, with the smoothest, whitest skin you'll ever see, and you'll understand what hit the casting directors that day. Not only did they hire Sandra on the spot, but they didn't even ask if she could walk like a showgirl, or dance like a pony chorine. In fact she could do neither, being just off the farm in Nebraska. In other words, this

beautiful, natural camin was in like

And that's been the story ever since. Sometimes her great beauty has plagued her, but most of the time its been a key to one door after another, the final one, of course, being stellar fame, Sandra has made every move during the last five years with but one objecher acting in TV films proves it. and her past record as a cheesecake

Peter Gowland, top glamor photog, says, after a shooting session with Sandra, that she's, "one of the most carthy, senuous, animal-like creaonce before have I seen a body like hers, with a face like hers on the same person," Gowland said. And











like other photogs in town, he's sorry she's giving up the art of semi-nudity, since she's well on her way to her tenuous goal.

Critics who have seen Sandra in the TV field have applicated here acting; they're been stumed by her beauty. Five major studios are bidding for her takent. There is little doubt that she'll soon ink a fat film contract which, of course, is mimediate goal. "The five years spent have been well spent," Sandra admitts, as she goes on from here.

Playacting has always come naturally to Sandra Edwards. As a sultry little type back in the Middle West she used to corral her five beothers and sisters along with other kids in the neighborhood and sit them down on the edge of a hill. They were the audience, she the performer, emerging over the top, acting out the part she made up as she went along, holding the little audience spellbound. "They were minute dramas," she says, "and mostly about love," Ad-libbing her lines, she would imagine her handsome day laborer father was playing the role opposite her. When the large Edwards family would move on from town to town, state to state, as her father looked for work during the depression, she would willingly go with them and see to it that everything was well organized, and her brothers and sisters were accounted for. "I was a minor mother, and hoped to be a major actress," she reflected. "Of course I loved my father be-

yond reason. This year he died, and he was only 43. I wanted him so to see me become a star. It was always his wish," she continues, her voice cracking in sorrow. "He used to come out on that hill and watch me, awacep me up in his arms after-wards and tell me how great my performance was. When I came to Hollywood, he was for it a hundred every day and tell him how I was doing, even if it want't so good. His death will always be a crushing trauma to me, and one which I'll never pet ower, but his faith in my carreer is enough to spur me on until Sandrin's excito beauty it due in

Sandra's excite beauty is due in part to be bloodstream and linkeritance. She is part Cherokee. That's where she got the high checkbones; and that part-Indian look, her black hair and burnished skin. Maybe it's hair inheritance, or the fact that her family was so much on the move while she was a girl that makes her love gypales so.

"We lived like gyptics, and sometimes would join them around their compfires, listening to them sing, and watching them dance to the music of their accordions. If I didn't want to be an actress, I'd be a gypsy. Maybe that's why I've got a strong wanderlust today; and that's probably why I don't relish living in Hollywood for any length of time." At the present Sandra lives in Glendale, California, in a modern, one bedroom apartment, partially furnished with thick leather furniture. Every bit of capital she makes in her TV acting goes into furnishing her apartment, and will eventu-

let's talk about it when I get ht."
Price to that Sandra lived on the
beach in Venice, California. "I actualnik!" she laughs, "long before
Venice because health," one beachnik!" she laughs, "long before
Venice because the beach of the
beach of the beach of the
beach of the beach of the
beach of the beach of the
parts. Often I would go out out on the
sand, dig a hole, and almost bury
nyaelf in it. Somehow that gave me
great satisfaction, I suppose because
it was like being burtled allow, and
it was like being burtled allow, and

ally decorate an exotic home. "Two

already planned, in my mind, what

kind of home I want," she says, "but

I'd rather not talk about it now;

ambition and knocked on producer's doors for bit parts, which I usually got."

Sandra likes the simple things in life, likes to live in a small-town community like Glendale or Venice, because as she says, "my tastos are

But this sounds like a contradiction when you really get beneath her beauteous skin, and find out what makes this child of wonderment tick. Some of her likes and



dislikes run the full gamut from poverty to over-opulence. Like any destined beauty, Sandra may not be a wholly consistent creature; and naturally has the full feminine right to change her viewpoints.

For example, she loves both collies and poodles. "I had a toy poodle as a pet," she says, "and when he died, I cried for three days. Then I went out and bought a massive collie. I felt like soing to the other extreme."

Even while sleeping, Sandra goes to extremes. One night, she'll start off with all her clothes on, an old habit she engendered as a young girl during the frield winters of the Mid-

die West because there was no heat

the morning stark nude.

in the family shock. Now site starts out lying on the bed fully clothed, sets warm, begins to take off her clothes in a balf stupor, shalf sakepp, first her shirt, then her bra: then her pedal pushers, so that during the course of the night, she does a complete strip almost userosciously, waking up in

Don't say that Sandra dosen't have a way of reversing things, because she has. During her showight career in Las Vegas she would sit in the corner of the bar after her performance and read poetry, shping a battermilk milk shake? Ye, and with

chocolate ice cream! And all this

in a Vegas bar.

"I just couldn't play the role of a Vegas B-girl," she says, "although the management suggested I freat the visiting firemen nicely. I did. We would talk of poetry, juzz, and cocolate butternilk milk shakes. One of the men who wasted me to go out with him took a taste, and that queered him, I guess. He made his spologies and left in a sour

hurry?

Talking about B-girls and the free and easy virtues of a Vegas abowgirl, who sometimes had to double in brass, Sandra, of course, had her own ideas on the subject. It tied up with her conceptions of love and sex. Nobody, probably, has been propositioned more than Sandra. Her startling appearance and sulreaccual nature is a built in invita-

tion for same.

"I could never go to bed with a man," she says, "unless I was in love with him. And so far I've never really been in love with anyone."

Despite this bit of gospel, Sandra is still almost another love goddess! She draws men like a magnet drawst steel filings. But to her, Hollywood is no longer the love center of the Universe. "It's lost its glamor," she — turn to pope 64





SANDY, intones. "Why, when I was a young girl, reading the fan magazines, I thought there was no more glamorous place on earth. The stars looked the part. The men were matines ideals; handsome, big, strong, during. The women were raving beauties, like Garbo, or even Bergman, And they could act, too; but there was always an aura of mystery about them. Now . . . take today, for instance, most of the stars have been de-glamorized. They wear jeans, or sandals, or the girls don't comb their hair. Fan mags show young star newlyweds at home; and when they have a baby, it's the family treatment. How can the family treatment be glamorous? It's not above and beyond the ordinary bumans who inhabit the earth. Anyone can have a family, but only a few can be stars. I really object." Getting down to cases, Sandra con-

tinues. "There's Marion Brando...
why he's virtually a brattalit; and
the late James Dean. He never hals hair conshed Thank God Hollywood still has Cary Grant; les's
what I mean by glamord And all
that stuff in the magazines about
Debbie and Eddie, and their family
...well, it just killed any idea that
either of them were beyond the pale

of ordinary men and women. "Don't get me wrong," she goes on, "Tin me snob; but you'll have to admit that glamor is what makes people go to see a film. If thereaght believe in the sist system. The recent trend in de-glamorting Hollywood strikes at the wary bests of the strike of the sist of th

mind."

Certainly Sandra Edwards comes as close as any starlet today to the fulfillment of the myth... the myth of glamor. And there's little doubt that she'll continue the myth once she makes it. She actually says as

much. "When I become a star, no one will know anything about me unless I let them know. Will always were my hair perfectly. I'll sever aspoar in public without makeus, I'll buy the best, and section clothes; and mightchinks, with carefully selected socrets., selected on the bests of their glamorous appearance, and star rating. My life, and I want it that way, will be in the classed Hollywood tradition of pure, un-adultanced glamors, without except.

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EXECUTIONS. from page 21

he knew he was actually going to see somebody die for his plessure? More important, in a legal sense, public executions have far greater precedent than the modern, semiprivate legal murders. The hangings of Mrs. Suratt and the other conspirators in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln were attended by hundreds of troops and just about everyone else who could chisel his

or her way in under some sort of official pass.

England, the fount of our leval system, carried the matter even furthey. As recently as 1877, the chief goaler (jailer) at London's famed Newgate Prison regularly enhanced his hangings by giving a sumptuous "hanging breakfast" in the private

dining room of the goal (jail). Those feasts were often attended by hundreds who later toined the

outside mobs to get a closer look at

Often, the mobs ran to the tens of thousands, all anxious to watch the convictims do their agonized "dance on air" - and in earlier times, when the more open Tyburn Hill was the site of public hangings, they totaled hundreds of thousands. Their eagerness is attested to by the fact that, in 1807, 28 persons died within a

few yards of the scaffold, crushed to death in the multitude.

Well-to-do folk who were not invited to the gouler's breakfast used to rent space in various windows overlooking the entertainment. Since such individual spots sold for as high as £10 (\$50), only the rich and important could rent whole rooms. But those who could, did so, adding spice to the proceedings by passing the time in drunken orgies.

Casanova, the great 18th century amorist described such a scene in his famed "Memoirs". The date was March 28th, 1757 - the occasion the execution of a hopeless fumbler named Damien, who had tried to assassinate Louis XV but had failed

miserably. The execution, which lasted four hours, thanks to the expertise of the executioners in keeping their victim alive and conscious, so enraptured one of the fine ladies present that a daying young compade of Casanova was able to lift up her dress and outrage her repeatedly from the rear, while none of the others

noticed.

In a matter such as execution, it might seem strange to have rules. vet elaborate protocol existed. Simple hangings of course were reserved for the lowliest of low-born felons, children who had stolen a loaf of bread, prostitutes who had had the misfortune to roll a drunk with connections and the like. Hereties, of course, were burned at the stake to cleanse their otherwise damned spirits with fire-and, in some cases, boiled alive. Beheading was reserved for the highest nobility, from King Charles the First to the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh and the like.

Drawing and quartering was reserved in general for traitors. But in 17th century England, a man or woman could be convicted of treason merely because a court favorite hinted that he had blown his nose while mentioning the king's name. or had deliberately let his horse defecate on a bit of royal lawn. So execution for treason were not as rare as one might suppose - and the public thus had repeated opportunities to watch this most enter-

It went like this - the victim was brought to the gallows in a cart, usually pretty well shot by racking and other torture before he left prison. He was given final unction by a priest, who then stood by to see that God's will was done. After this, he was strung up by the neck to a cibbet.

From this point on, the subleties commenced that demanded an executioner who knew his trade like a virtuoso. For the victim was not permitted to die - not then. He was cut down at the point of death and.

Then the real fun began. First, his centrals were sliced off. Then his abdomen was slashed open and his howels removed. These were then tossed into a brazier and cooked before his eyes-an act generally considered a sanitary measure since traitor's corpses, or sections of them were publicly exposed for years at

a time. When this sport had continued long enough, the victim was hanged anew if he still lived, and this time what was left of him was allowed to die. Thereafter, the body was again cut down, beheaded and quartered. The quarters were then boiled, this time again as a sanitary measure, before being impaled on pikes and displayed atop walls, towers and other place of prominence.

If the victim were not a weakling, and the executioner knew his bustness such a show might give the customers their money's worth for the length of a good baseball game

- in short, for hours One element in the public ex-

ecution that anti-capital-punishment addicts are apt to forget lies in the fast that, frequently, the victim ensows the play even more than the customers. Claude Duval, the highwayman, bowed and smiled to the cheering throngs that followed him to Tyburn, and threw kisses to the pretty ladies right up to the end. And many a miscreant whose life had been lived in otter nonentity found his one moment of fame and glory in being, as it were, the star



"If the Bar Special's what I hope it is --- I'll take the Bar Special!"

of his own show, no matter how

brief the run.

Of course, not all victims tools it so well. One of the least responsive was a highwayman named William Cady, who growled all the way for the course of the curse of the state of the curse of the sherffix one and all for delaying his death "to hear an old puppy chatter non-hear an old puppy chatter non-hear an old puppy chatter non-

sersos."

But then, Cady was a reprehensible character at best. A Cambridge graduate and a surgious before a surgious before a surgious before a best of the following—after holding and wealthy merchant and tying him up, he shot his wife dead for swide dead for swide the shot his wife dead for swide of the training at one, then used in turning it over, then used its surgical knowledge to site her open and abstract the ting from her sud-

Needless to say, an executioner in those days had to be a man of parts. He had to know not only how to the a hangmain's knot so that it would not foul or allp, to wided a headman's now successfully and to gauge man's now successfully and to gauge strengplation — he had also to know how to draw and quarter his victims alive, how best to impale a severed head on a pitch, how leng to boil remains so that they would not become soft ... of, he had to be a man-

let. An unregenerate curmudgeon!

Among these were such duties as hot-iron branding, nose-slitting, earcropping and whipping at the tail of a cart. These milder punishments for milder crimes were furthermore commanded in great detail by the better class of judge - as when famed "Hanging Judge" Jeffrees. issued the following order - "Hangman, I charge you pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly man; scourge her till the blood runs down. It is Christman -a cold time for madam to strip. See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly."

oughly."

The Lord Chief Justice of England had rather a nice wit!

Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the separate hangman, or excessioner, was held in high esterne by the authorities. One such, who flourished in Editabeth's time, was named berrick the best'est time, was named berrick the about such things, that his fair for short such things, that his fair for holisting a client up on gibbet gove rise to the word "derrick" surprise to the word "derrick" surprise to the word "derrick" sort of a "hole. There were other noted hangmen, notably one Richard Brandon, who is generally reputed to have cut off the head of Charles I. But unquestionably the king of all English executioners was a nonmp named John Price, otherwise known as Jack Ketch.

Ketch.
Immortalized in Punch-and-Judy
shows, as well as in contemporaneous literature, Ketch was England's
top hangman from 1603 until 1698.
He was also something of a cotor-

He was also something of a colorrul character, who speem money faster than his are and disemboweling krife could make it for him. Once, while returning from a spot of work at Tyburn, he was arrested for debt. He managed to satisfy this creditor with the poofits from selling three suits of clothing removed from his three victims of the day.

However, Keeth was out quite the complete securitioner, When, in 1633, Lord William Russell, soo of the Rad of Redford, was convicted of high treason, King Caules constituted his sentence, in view of his high estate, from drawing and quartering to beheating. Netth, where behonding techniques were vary gooded the job and, "severed his head from his body at three strokes, very burknessely."

Two years later, when it was the Duke of Monmouth's turn to feel the axe, Ketch goofed again. He had to strike the duke five times before finally decapitating him.

Under scientific modern conditions, mitted to mar the effectiveness of a public execution, and slow up the air-time were involved. As a matter of fact, it seems highly doubtful that the redoubtable Jack Ketch could have qualified nowadays as an insect exterminator, much less as an executioner. If the custom of public executions is revived, it will definitely be on a white collar, perhaps showmarship must be a perquisite of all such performances This means, some of the tried-and-true old techniques will have to be restored. After all, there is little drama in a gas chamber death, or that in an electric chair-there's not enough movement or action.

Perhaps, if you begin work on a list of certain people you would like to ace drawn and quartered, and suggest to your friends that they do the same, you can help get the movement started. It shouldn't be too hard for most of us, and it will certainly make life more colornil.



message for maria

by HAROLD DYKES

The core there I hadn't figured was that Lores would salotage the Caddy. But there it lay, upside down at the foot of the embanisment, one of its front wheels still spinning lettly in the air. It was just tuck that, scenebow, I had been thrown

clear of the grinding wreck.

Lock!! The lock! Td been having the last few months was all bad. Life with Lerns had become unendurable, and she was not going to take Maria lying down. That, she had made hitterly clear in the ghastly score she had put on at home, just before I took off

in the Caddy to warm Maria.

When I married Lorva, outside of the fact that she was tremendous in bed, it was because of two things—one was her mosey,
the other her apparent quiet good nature and easy-going temperament. After some of the arcaming hysterics I'd awakened to right
after I got separated from the Air Forcs, I was ready to settle

down, Or so I thought...
What I hadn't realized was that Lorna's amiability was bored on
the arrogance of a woman completely spoiled, a woman who had
never been refused anything alse wished from the time she got out
of diagens. She wunted me, she got me, and for quite a while own
life together ran smoothly enough if without any especial depth.
With her doubt, I was able to get all the result I needed to put a







MESSAGE, from page 48 Don't ask me where things began to so wrong - it was no sudden thing, the souring of our marviage. Rather, it was a slow accumulation of little things-Lorua's absolute selfishness, her habit of laving down the law in public after she'd had a few drinks, the insatiable sameness of her sexual desires and fulfillments, her stupidity. Me, I always liked women, but not the same ones for a lifetime, at least not without a change of pace. For a while I had Lorns believing I was boys, but she caught onto the fact that the "boys" I was seeing had Lorna raised hell about it. She told me, if I ever slipped again, she'd strip me of everything I owned in court. The broad's name, in this instance, was Lois, and she was a cute little trick when I met her but not after Lorna got through with her. Lorns went over there and pistol-whipped her and then dared either of us to do a thing in the

That was why, when she found out about Maria, I was in a hurry to get over to her house and warm her. The funny thing was, I was actually in love with Maria. She was dark, warm and gentle as a kitten; she was always getting a

Where going to bed with Lorna was like doing the same damned tob over and over again without end. making love to Maria was a constant succession of delightful surprises Maria was a divorcee, but she wasn't hard-botled about life, even though her ex-husband had left her without a bean. That was how I got to know her - she applied for a tob at the

plant. The minute I saw her walk into my office, I knew this was it, and so did she. I played it cute - got her a job, not in my business, but with an ex-Air Force buddy of mine who had a husiness across the city. It wasn't easy to rig things for us to be together without Lorna finding out, but I managed. At least, I thought I was managing until Lorna confronted me with my own

In a way, I was glad, I'd had all I could take of her, and this meant that perfectly plain from the first. She just looked at me, her lightblue eyes smoking, and said, "Okay, Don. I've had it. You were warned, you knew what to expect. I'm going to have your filthy, rotten hide, of course. And I'm going to have that brunette bitch's, too. You can bet on that ..."

"Sure," I said, "but why blame her? Blame me, blame yourself but is it her fault we're a lousy couple?"



"Woke up, Dear - you're having a harrible nightmore!"

I wasn't as scared as I had been over the Lois bit. After all, if he couple of years to get ready, and a couple of years to get ready, and hunk of cash socked away in the vault of a bank score 20 milas sewy. All I had to do was pick up Maria and take off with her. We could live a long time in Maxico on what I had, and I'd get something started

for us.

"If the little tramp had left you alone..." said Lorns. "But she didn't — and she's going to pay for it. She's going to wish she never was

That was when I hauled off and hit Lorus. It was the first time and body ever laid a hand on her in body ever laid a hand on her in it. I detect to kill he show the if I detect to kill he show the coult be cops. I pulled out the dammed thing by the roots and laid the cradle alongside her pale blonde hair. She went down for the count and I

took off.
Knowing how much power Lorns
could muster in a city her family
had, founded and just about owned, if
figured I'd bettee move fast. I didn't
even bother to pack any clothes, int
got out of the house and into the
Caddy and headed for Mark's. The
town I had my dough stathed in was
over the state line, so I figured if
we got seroes it quick, we'd be olay.
We could wrap up the whole opera-

tion in less than an hour. What I hadn't figured on was that my beloved wife was a lot smarter than I'd known—and a lot more twengetul. I sensed scenething wrong with the attenting controls before I'd gone half a mile, but it never coursed to me the big, expensive buggy wouldn't get us safely out of the state. After all, I'd just bad it

I was doing close to 80 when the rod snapped and the heavy charlot went out of control and off the high-way. It turned over twice as it rolled down the embankment. Even dazed as I was, I knew this was no accident. Lorns must have figured my moves to perfection. The only trouble was, I wan't dead.

My clothes were pretty messed up, but I managed to tug them back into some kind of order. I was only about half a mile from Maria's little cottas, and if giouged 1d better make it on foot. After all, if Loran was crusy on me, there was no telling what goodles she had planned for Maria. I remembered the mass she make the mass she make the bush of the mass she make the bush of the country of the mass she make the bush of the mass she make the bush of the total bush of the total bush of the total bush of the total bush of the mass she make the bush of the total bush

A number of cars whizaed past, and I tried to thumb a ride—after all, I was pretty shook up—but none of them paid me the slightest attention. So I gave up and began plodding toward my mistress' home. I only hoped I got there ahead of Lorna, so that I could save the girl

Dornin, 30 total 1 Coulds abre the gar.

I made it—bott the moment I was in the bouse, I wished I hadrit. Maria was there, all right, but she was not alone. She had a guy there with her, on the sofe, and it was Hank, the set. All Force buildy I'd gol her the job with. Between them, they dish't have enough on to cover a putting stsum, and they weren't letting the evening go to waste—not

brong use evening go to wasser was a long stock. I atood there, watching them, won-down a superior was a power to be led one of them are superior was a power to be led one of them are there—but they kept right on doing what they were doing and not paying me any mind at all. I finally had all I could stand of it, and I began cursing them, calling them both every nasty name I could

think of.

Maria rollet Hank off her and ast
up. She reached for a cigaret and
then for a drink from the coffee the
table in front of the sofs. She table in front of the sofs. She
laughed, a ort little voluptuous
laught I knew all too well, and said,
"Honey, we've got to be carreful. Don
would blow a gasket if he ever got
wise, and he's just about rise for
wise, and he's just about rise for

a psycff."
"You know I'm crazy for you, baby," said Hank, looking like a pink, overfed hairless ape there in his nudity. "Untit be thought of you and that snotty gigolo..."

and that swoty ggolo...
"It won't be for much longer,"
promised Maria, rubbing her nudity
against his shamelessly, "From what
I hear about that bitch he married, I
can shake him down good."

"You travep?" I hoveled — but I might as well have been talking to the wind. Neither of them noticed me I filled my lungs and shouted at the top of my voice, "You dirty, doubles—recessing flozoy! And as for you, Hank, you rat, I'm going to..."

It wasn't any use. They simply acted as if I wan't there. All at once, I felt fear cut through me like a lantic. They couldn't ignore me. Not if I was there. Not under the electromatance it was crazy, I turned away from the dispusting speciale and ecoosed to the long mirror between the windows in the end wall. It was like the time when I'll the read "Dracula," as a 12-year-old kid. The couldn't be the windows in the country of the countr







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Erskeds 4. Sweden,



MESSAGE, from page 51 You remember the bit, near the be-

ginning, where the here is shaving in the count's castle, and Count Dracula comes up behind him and leaves no reflection on the glass. It scared hell out of me then. I remember my old man giving me a paddling because I was too scared to go up to bed alone.

Well, that was nothing on thisfor now I was the Dracula, I was the character who left no reflection on the glazs. For all I could tell, I was looking right through myself at the far end of the room behind me. I swear, I let out a yell of sheer terror and they didn't hear me.

You think odd Irredevencies in a moment of shock. All that flashed into my mind was that it was no wonder none of the motorists on the highway had stopped to pick me up. They hadn't been able to see me. Something had happened, hack there in the wreek, to separate my spirit from my body. Either that, or I was many the seen that the seek of t

sofa. They were beginning to worker the control of the control of

white throat and tried to throttle her. When I applied pressure, my hands seemed to go right through her neck. No doubt about it, I was disembodied as all hell!

But a flicker of fear passed over her beautiful face, and she turned pale beneath the brunette pearliness of her skin. She shuddered and pulled away from Hank convulsively, and said, "Hank honey, something's wrong, Can't you feel it? It's

noney. I never reit anyuang inse it before... oh my God" It stepped me, too — the sound of a car pulling to a halt on the driveway outside in a spurt of gravel, the quick passage of headlights, through the window, across the well. Lorna had finally arrived.

By the time she crossed the from power with her quick, decisive foot-steps, Maria had managed to get Hank out of the room and drupe a neglines over the curver that had had been to be the curver that had she hadn't made quite a clean sweep. There were two half-finished drinks all on the table, and a couple of ciper botts in the lag activacy I'd present. I know Lorns wearn't going to mise a trick. She never did, when a trick. She never did, were at she foll her own interests were at sea foll her own interests were at

She came in, smooth and cool as a



"You might not believe it, but I'm one of the very few who can hear frequencies of over 20,000 cycles per second?"

cat. If there was a bump begrath her pain bloods bair, where I'll hit her with the telephone-crudle, six had it completely convent. There was a nasty little smile pasted on her lins, and her light-blue eyes were everywhere, taking in everything, I could have swom ahe saw me, but I knew that was impossible. She said, I'lve bern wanting to

meet you, Maris. I'm Donald's wife.

I think we have something to settle."

"I can't imagine what," replied
Maris, matching Lorma's coolness.

"In that case, my dear, you must
have the least imagination of any
woman ever born," Lorna's voice
was chilling. "I only hose I haven!"

interrupted anything too embarrassing,"
"I think you'd better go," said Maria.
"So do I," replied my wife calmly,

"but not quite yet." She përked up something I had miseed, from a table by the door. It was Hank's hat, and I knew it had his initials in it. She looked amused and said, "You can come out, Hank."

Maria looked helpless but not soured—she didn't know Lorna well enough yet to be soared. I hadn't told her just what a bitch my wife was for fear of soaring her off completely. But somehow I knew what was

Coming.

Hank came out. He had managed to get into his shirt and trousers and shoes, but I could see his bare sakles. He mid, "Hello, Lorns, what

brings you here?"

"This is too much," said my wife.
She began to shake with silent laughter. "Too damned much!"

"Don'tl" I shrieked, but of course onbody beard me. I had seen her hand slip amouthly into the capacions hand slip amouthly into the capacions handbag she was holding. It came out with a gleaming little automatic I had not seen before. Somebow, I noted that Lorna was wearing gloves, long elbow-length fawn-colored gloves. She would never be trapped by a naraffin test.

"See here, Lorna," said Hank.
"This is ridiculous. Maria and I are
both adults, and what we do is our
own business."

"If it were," said Lorns, "I shouldn't be here."

"You're crayy" cried a suddenly sharmed Hank, realizing that my wife intended to shoot. He made a dive behind the sofe, but not quite in time. Lorna's first bullet picked him off neatly in rull light and sent him ereshing tinto the wall. Fd seen enough affirs during the Korean thing not to know that he was dead as mutton.

Lorns advanced on Marin, overing her with the pistol. Moris made mewling noises, but backed away, looking around widily for some place to flee. There was none. In a way, I and to admir Jorna, ahe was foreing the girl back toward where Hanfe's body lay. I couldn't watch, even in my disembodied state. I knew it was suicide. I stearted when the pistol went off a second time. Maria uttered an odd little sigh as her voluptuous

body crumpled to the carpet. Lorna didn't have the gun when I could look again. But what was even more frightening, she was standing not two feet in front of me, looking directly into my eyes. There was no question about her being able to see me. She said, as if we were late for a party at the country club, "Come on, Donald—we've going

back."

I blacked out then—when I came to, I was back, all right. Back in this sponized wreck of a body I've had to live in ever since. They were still cutting me out of the wreckage of the Caddy when I recovered consciousness. Lorns was there, talking

sciousness. Lorns was there, talking to a uniformed state cop. She said, "I was worried about Donald — we'd had an argument, and he was drinking. I thought I'd

better see if I could find him."
"It's a good thing you sent in a report," said the officer. "If you hadn't, he might have lain there all night with nobody the wisee."
I blacked out for the second time, from sheer pain.

THAT WAS four years ago. I'm parajuzed from the waist down, and there's no hope of recovery. Lorns, is the ideal wife, and of course, is the ideal wife, and everybody edinites her gallantry. As for Maria and Hank, that went down in the books just the way I figured as a murder and suicide of pession.

I'll have to nut my writing tablet

The have so put my writing tablet away now. It's time for Lorna to come by and say good-night. She always dose it charmingly. Whenever she's going out to have sex with some stud she's using for the purpose, she brings him with her. She always kinese my forchesd and says, "Poor dailing." Then she turns to her lover of the moment and additional that transport and the she's love "In the transport" of the moment and sold."

young man like Donald?"
Then she is gone. And I lie there in my bed, or sit in my wheelehair and wonder just what she is anyway, and how she could see me that right at Maria's. I'm still wondering.



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Haunts of Paradise

able that, after viewing these pictures, you will not turn full the next time you find yourself next to a haunted house—not, at any rate, until you have investigated and made sure that the resident spook is not as lovely as Jean Nieto. Unfortunately, few phantoms are as enchantingly solid and earthy as this truly titanic ex-showgirl, who

By its rightly prob-







would narily need a disphonous ectoplasm robe to lure any rightminded male to any fate she chose for him. Jean, you see, comes in a large, empress-stre package—whether it proves economical or not depends upon her mood of the moment. But who cares about economics with a beauty like Jean in

the offing?

A truly tall, long-stemmed lovely, Jean measures five feet eleven from toe to topknot, and her delightfully curved dimensions tape in at a lush, plush 40-26-37. Her weight is— but, in her own sweet words, "What I weight is my own business."



MADNESS, from page 6

beginners' class that day. He sweet at the group until he bad one old lady in tears. But somehow he managed to get through the day, and as soon as he dismissed the class, be beaded for the bar. A few drinks

would relax him.

As he walked to the lodge, he noticed Sylvia was in front strugging with her ski. She saw him and waved to him.

"Erio, my binding is stuck. Would you be a dear and release it for

He didn't answer. Instead, 'he ailently kneeled over her ski and tuggod viclously at the jammed binding release. Her warm leg was pressed against his side as he worked, and though be tred to fight it, rippies of excitement raced through him. Nervously he twisted the release.

open. But before he could stand, he felt her warm breath against the book of his neck.

"It may be soon, darling," she breathed softly. Then she playfully nipped his ear and caressed the lobe with her darting tongue.

Something exploded in Rric's head. He jerked to his feet and reached hungrily for her, but she had stepped away to great Grover who was coming out of the lodge. Eric foolishly pawed the space where she had been an instant before.

THAT NIGHT AND the following night Eric stayed in his cabin alone with a bottle of scotch. He'd show Sylvia that he couldn't be played with.

But a look at himself in the mirror the second night convinced him that he was kidding himself. There was only one way to cure his hunger and it wasn't scotch. He knew what he nested, and by God he was going to find a way to get it.

HE FOUND THEM IN the bar. Grover had been drinking more than usual, and Sylvia was carefully encourag-

ing him.

When Eric came in, Grover was talking excitedly to a cornered listener, and Sylvia was looking on

with tense interest.
"What do you mean by that?"
Grover demanded loudly of his listener just as Eric resched the table.
Eric had come in determined to
drag Sylvia away on some pretext
or other, but the look of warning.

she flashed him caused him to hold his tongue for a moment.

"He means, Charles," she interrupted musically, "that you claim to have skied all the well-known mountains in Durope, yet you never ski this little mountain without someone to lead the way for you." The man Grover had been talking

to tried insistently to object to Sylvia's statement, but Grover ignored him and turned angrily to his wife.

"So you think I'm not cood enough

"So you think I'm not good enough to ski this little hill by myself?" "I didn't say that, dear," she protested; "Mr. West did."

tested; "Mr. West did."

West was still trying to object when Grover whirled back on him, his face apoplectic.

"All right," Grover shouted, "If that's what you think, I'll just bet you fifty dollars! can ski this mounnia alone as well as the best of them! From the time the lift stars, until It closes at four-duriny." He looked around at the onlookers that had been stumed into alterne by his outburst. "And what's more, everybody here is a witness to the her."

body here is a witness to the bet."
West threw up his hands helplessly and walked away without saying a word. Spivia patted Grover's hand consolingly, but her eyes were on Eric There was a look of triumph

on the mountrain with his class the following day, Eric saw that Grover was being true to his boast. All day he deggedly worked his way down the mountain trails.

For a man of his age and lock of ability, it must have been a grueilling experience. Whenever he fell, be quickly looked around to see if anyone had noticed, then struggied painfully to his feet. In spite of himself, Exis felt sorry for the older man. Sylvia wann't on the hill all day. That when he had dismost his 2-by

syrva wasn't on the nai all day. But when he had dismissed his class and was heading for the lodge, Eric saw her standing near the chair lift with her skis on She waved to him. "Eric, darling, let's take a last run hefore the lift stope."

Some imper excitement made her look exceptionally fresh and beautiful. Eric's blood started to race with hopeful anticipation. His mouth felt dry and he hardly trusted himself to speak as he started toward the life.

Sylvis rode in the chair shead of him, and he cursed the fifty yards of cable that separated them. A short distance from the bottom of the slope they passed over Grover, who was struggling to finish the last run. "Charles, darling," she called down to blum. "Burry and you can make." one more run before the lift closes."
What was she trying to do? Kill
the old guy with exhaustion? Grover
turned a tired face up to his wife
and waved a stubborn affirmation.

and waved a stubborn affirmation.

When they started down the
mountain Eric saw that she was a
better skier than he had realized.
She handled her tall, beautiful body
with perfect coordination and ease.

Calling a taunt to him, she pointed
her skie down the trail and some

out of sight.

Eric pushed off in pursuit. She had had a good head start, but as he rounded the first turn in the trial, he almost ran into her. She was being sprawded in the cross her fast.

lying sprawled in the know, her face twisted with pain.
"I think I've dislocated my knoe," who forced out with effort "Please

she forced out with effort. "Please help me."

A sudden tenderness welled over

him, and he skied quickly to where she was lying.

Luckily they were only a few yards from the ski patrol cahin. He helped her to her feet and they helped her to her feet and they hobbled toward the small snowcowered bailding. Her arm around has shoulders, her neurones, and the feel of her slender waist caused his head to sain intotocatination.

Inside the cabin he lit the oil stove. There was only fuel enough for about an hour, but if be couldn't wrap her know well enough to travel he would go for help. In the meaning, the salone with her, and his pulse had started beating rapidly, Splvia insisted on hanging her ved parks outside to attract a ski patrol, and the salone with her week of the salone with the salone with the salone was a started on hanging her ved parks outside to attract a ski patrol, and, but he knew there were none

He searched the cabin, but couldn't find any knew ways, For an expedient he took off his shirt and started tearing it into wide strips. Sylvia was setting on the bunk with her indured knee propped on a chair. See had taken off her sweeter, and her breents under the opsinnetked man's shirt rose and fell with a superceased excitement.

When he finished tearing the strips, he brought them to the bunk As they looked at each other, the mountain stillness seemed to magnify to an unbearable, charged quiet Neither of them soul anything for several seconds. The only sound was her rapid breathing. They beads of perspiration squeezed out of his forchead and in the small of his forchead and in the small of

"I suppose we'd better take a look at my knee." She didn't take has eyes from him as she spoke. She lifted her uninjured leg toward him and slowly opened the side zippes on her form-fitting ski pants. He tried desperately to control his shaking hands as he helped pull the one leg, then the injured leg, out of the ski nonts.

Her incredible describility as the stemi-naked in the dim lighted room choked off his breath in short desperate gasps. She was even more lovely than he had allowed himself to dream. Her thighs and legs flowed with a sentual grace, and her akin was an unbelievable milky softness. A hin of inviting eartin whiteness. A hin of inviting eartin white-

ness led to the inside of her thighs.

His senses were reeling wildly now. The pounding in his ears was almost desfening, and echoing throbs coursed through his whole body. The gnawing pain deep inside him was building to an unbearable extacy, and he was almost aick with desire.

He couldn't control hamself-any longer. Sylvia's deliberate torment had built up an explosive well of passion. With a half-snart, half-groan, he threw himself at her. She emitted a little animal sound and dug her teeth into his arm. Then she twisted away and jumped.

to her feet.

Rite turned slowly from the bunk
to face her. She was standing at
the far side of the small roose with
a table separating them. Her breasts
under the white blouse were heaving
with an intense excitement now.
There was a look of frightening
animal secundity as she watched

him slowly circle the table.

He had gone too far to stop now.
He know he had to have her. He
made a sudden lunge, but she
dodzed him nimbly. There was noth-

ing wrong with her knee.

He lunged again, and this time caught hold of her shirt collar as she twisted away. The thin shirt ripped, and she stood smiling maddeningly at him from the center of the room. Her large, ripe breasts

strained the filmy brassiere with their passionate heaving.

With a sudden movement he over-

turned the table and leaped directly at her. She was caught of balance, and when he brought the flat of his hand hard against the side of her face, she fell backward on the bunk. She spit out a little sensiting laugh and tried to rise, but he gave her a hard slap and ahe fell beck. Then as he best over her, she sank her small beeth into his um again. He

jerked his arm away. When she tried to bite him again, he stopped her mouth with his own. She struggled flereely for a moment, then relaxed. Her tongue darted out from between parted lips and searched hungrily for his Eric

- tarm to page 58



A remarkable hash fiddly recording of the search and depths of croic lone. Here is a result that in an unsurpress, on a suphimizant facinitie. Yoo her at similabilitied coader of croic lone, the search so apply described by Orld when he wree, "... she will follow prend a searching resulted paid who meneralized gold next, after grant analysis and whileproof words that time and fall destors." The beauty 'Dold now in the art of lone, the spream agift of human careton, has been capated in this nationare recording. You wistom as remainly of human careton, has been capated in this nationare recording. You wistom as remainly of human careton, the circ and mosts of delight and deputs, removed given are till of croic lone.

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old man, but Sylvia stepped into his path. She looked directly into his eves, and the nipples of her breasts burned into his bare chest "Eric. darling," she said, "this is the chance we've been waiting for.

MADNESS, from page 57

HE DESN'T KNOW how long they'd been lying there, but when he looked around again the tiny oil stove had burned out and the sky was turning Sylvia was leaning on one elbow, watching him with that maddening half-smile on her face. Eric felt pleas-

ant little stirrings begin in him again. Then suddenly the side of his head exploded. He twisted frantically to see what was happening, and it exploded again. Through a blinding red ing his fist down for another blow.

Eric curred Grover must have seen Selvia's parks hanging outside. But there was no time for speculation Grover was charging again, his fat face swollen with rame. "I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" he

He didn't want to hurt the old man, but he couldn't hold him off like this indefinitely. Then Grover's fist struck Eric in the side of the head-again, and in the momentary blur that followed, he felt something hard and smooth thrust into his hand. At the same instant he heard Sylvia screaming, "Hit him, Eric! Hit him!"

In automatic response he raised his hand to slug Grover but his head began to clear and he saw that of the small axes the ski patrol stored in the cabin. Violently he threw the axe into a corner and ducked just in time to avoid the charging Graver

THE MOMENTUM of Grover's attack corried him past Eric and his shoulder struck the double bunk He careened drunkenly into the center of the room, trying to recover his balance, but one leg caught in the overturned chair and his heavy body fell to the floor with a twisting motion. A snap as sharp as a rifle shot hit the room, and Grover lay mouning on the floor

Eric had heard that sound too often not to know the old man had broken his leg. He lay on the floor with his leg twisted under him, and Eric could see that the shock had already drained the color from his Eric started ferward to help the Don't spoil it." Eric looked at her incredulously that had myseriously appeared in his hand. He shuddered Sylvia's carefully laid plan suddenly became clear. She had engineered this situation so that he would do her dirty work for her.

A flush of anger swept over him and he savagely pushed her aside He knew what he had to do now Without looking at her, he grabbed his parks and left the colun-

Outside, he quickly put on his skis. There would be barely enough time to climb to the lift shack and phone the lodge for help before t became completely dark

Sylvia came out of the cabin just as he was pulling on his gloves. She walked to him and put her hand or his arm. A thousand little ping seemed to ish him where her hand

"Eric," she said, "this is our one big chance. Grover won't last until morning in this weather, so let's just ski down to the lodge and forget we even saw him. Then we'll have what we both want." She placed a very special emphasis or the final sentence. He couldn't help admiring her

coolorss. And it would work too Everyone knew that Grover had skied alone today, and the snow that had begun to fall would cover any telltale tracks. An old man breaks his leg and crawla into a mountain cabin to freeze to death. Beautiful. But Eric wasn't buying it. He brushed her hand from his arm and finished putting on his gloves.

"I'm going to climb up and phone for help," he said. "You stay here and do what you can for your husband," Eric felt strangely indepenprenouncing the last word, "You're good, but no woman's good enough

A look of fury and hate twisted her face and she spit at him. He almost hit her, but instead just smirked and alently began his long

After going a few yards, he turned and looked back. Sylvia was still standing where he had left her. She was staring at him with unconcealed venom. For a brief moment, memories of their afternoon together came back to him, and little flames of desire rekindled. He hesitated for an instant, then turned and con-

Anyway, he reminded himself. The guest sleigh was due in this afterneon. No telling what interesting newcomers it might bring

began sinking, sinking,

to commit murder for climb to the lift shack

tinued his climb into the mounting

Hollywood Cuties and Characters Cut Loose in a Free Swinging Free-for-All in a Hillside Retreat Far Above Filmdom

Rascals and Rakes







HEN A GENUINE, 24-carat. dved-in-the-wool, prosperous Hollywood character decides to toss a wing-ding after hours in his hillside palazzo, he seldom sends out engraved chamber-music recital like the affair depicted on these and the following pages, he is more apt to tell a couple of buddles, 'Listen, fellows, we're overdue the men will wear costumes, the broads what the French call le minimum. Friday night at my pad. I'll supply the music, food and drink, Bring

your own tarts."

• From that point on, the fate of the wing-ding depends (a) upon Mr. Alexander Graham Bell's wonderful invention—
(b) on the girls the characters have on top for such fus and frolle—(c) the availability of said girls for the night.

have on tap for such fun and frolic— (c) the availability of said girls for the night in question.

With the female problem out of the way, the characters

of the way, the characters have only costumes and transportation to worry about — and everyone, but everyone,

— and everyone, but everyone, has some sort of wheels out Hollywood way. The theme of the affair, as far as costumes are concerned, is "Famous Reseats and Rakes".

The host, as shown on page 50, double-crossed everyone by attending as his favorite rogue — himself. Thus, he required no special costume at all.

• Guests (male) turned up as

Pancho Villa, an anonymous Casanova of Confederate cavalry and a big-city Lethario in white tie and tails. But the girls—including anax favorites Calette Berne, Shirley Skates and Allacyn Sanborn, proved far more exciting when unwarapped from their mink cellophane bottom (near left).











· Now, the average Hollywood wing-ding, even with girls in the neur-nude, or perhaps because of it, is generally a pretty stiff and dull deal. But it is very evident that, in this instance, dullness went by the board, along with Shirley's left pastie on the last page. While these are not candid shots never mind the kiss-bit bottom left - they are packed with the contagious, laughing gasety of young men and good time. And why not? . Your Great-Aunt Mabel might not approve - but then your Great-Aunt Mabel was not invited. Even if she were,

good-looking girls, outstanding weven in Hollywood, where female enterprise is almost as common as pubchritude.

* That's Shirley and Dorts at top left, taking a brist breather from the fray — Shirley runs her own model agency days, and has posed for an ARM cover as well. Colette, festured as the first cover of the best sealing ARM Reader, is one of a berry of besufful sexpots who have taken Hollywood by who have taken Hollywood by

to bagels she does not have what it takes in precisely the right amounts — and places. For this is a group of up and coming, as well as damned

storm. And so on ...

But when there's a really hot party in the offing, these girls shed career-wornes with their outer garments, and its devil—or perhaps rake or rascal—take the hindmost.







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voman, or rather Beyond question, the best known nus de Milo, that half-draped, armless relic now reposing (or rather standing) in the main hall of the Louvre in Paris. A "perfect 36" is what the tape registers in inches around her capacious waist-a measurement no modern American girl would be caught dead with unless she could plead glandular problems or an incurable weakness for

This, you inquire, was the Ancient Greek goddess of love? Well, yes -- in a way -- but there were a lot of Phrodites, or Venuses. in them thar days. A god, or god-

Venus de Milo represents an authentic guddess of love, but in this instance, according to authorities from Sir James Frazer to Andre Malraux she represents a goddess of fertility as well. In short, she's a motherimage, as plump and pleasing as those white-baired broads who shoyel up the cookies (or cokes, or cuncakes) for the teenage set in a modern American kitchen ad. She's not a sex-image at all, but a preview of Philip Wylie's infamous "Morn"

When the Greeks wanted a lovegoddess for reasons of aexual pleasure, they leaned things down considerably. The nymphs they so lovingly sculpted or drew on the sides of vases being pursued and captured by satyrs and centaurs were alim and syelte as any of our modern sev-

symbols. In short, when it come down to the nub of the matter, they went along with our saying. They definitely found the most sweeter nearer the bone. And so, with a few rare exceptions, have men ever since. Cleopatra, whose profile remains to us on the coins of her realm, revealed no trace of a double-chin-nor do the still extent likenesses of those two renowned Egyptian empresses. Nefretiti and Tutankhamen's young wife. Certainly no one ever accused either Poppage or Messalina, the ultra sexpot Caesar's wives of Rome of

Duberry may or may not have been a lady, but she was definitely unplump-and she was a girl who bedroomed her way to her king's couch and a patent of pobility, and

being overweight.

emoyed every loving minute of it. Harriette Wilson, who ran the British Army as the Duke of York's mistrees during the Napoleonic Wars. and took time out to give the Duke of Wellington a spin whenever he got back to London, was not skinny, but she was a sylph compared to the

overfed women of her day Even during the last century, when great-grandpa liked 'em hefty, the most successful sexpot in England, the notorious Skittles, was lean, lithe and athletic, in bed and on a horse. Likewise those two gorgeous blackmailers who all but corrupted New York in the 1870's and '80's, Victoria Woodhull and her even more glamorous kid sister, Tennessee Claffin.

Nowadays, with every girl trying to act like a confirmed sexpot, it is growing increasingly difficult to snot the false (or falsee) from the real However, in this regard, it must be

girl will do to earn success in her chosen career seldom, if ever, has much to do with her genuine-article sex-bombishness. Some of the world's worse than catastrophic in the hav. Yet, despite the full-blown benu-

ties of the Rensissance, and those of an Arab chieftain's dreams, sexuality in women does seem to go with more bone and less meat. Both Middle Age Europe and the desert countries of the Near East were basicully famine belts - and the one thing a gastronomically hungry man doesn't want to look at is a skinny broad. It is notable that the three civilizations that have made the most open cult of women and sex - India, China and Japan - seem to have no place for fat women in their scheme

So it would appear that the old saying is correct despite the moons for more flesh. The question now is why is it true that, the nearer the bone, the better the ment.

The answer would seem to lie in the fact that sex, like every other physical act, is largely an athletic accomplishment -- and you won't find many fat folk performing athletically in sporting events. Sure, you can except the weight-throwers, but weight-throwing has damned little to do with any other form of sport

So the lean girls (and the size of their bustline has nothing whatever to do with the case) are usually the winners by a succession of knockouts over their plumper sisters. The doctors say there are no old fat men. Likewise, did you ever hear of a fat nymphomsnise?



CASTAWAY. from page 25

vulsed on the bed. He burned her again in the same place. Her lungs filled in an instant. Her scream this time ripped the air to shreds and shivered into brittle fragments against the steel bulkheads. He winced at the sound, the sight of her contorted face and straining cords in

He was wringing wet from nervous

perspiration. He began to question the rightness of his action again. There was actually no tangible proof of an alien thing controlling her body. It could be a classic case of schizophrenia. The split in personality, the creation of the "alien", could easily have been brought on by the shock and mental strain of the grash plus the foresecable death by starvation that had been steadily drawing nearer.

He looked down at the soldering What kind of stupid idiocy was he indulging in?

He took a deep breath. Idiocy or not, he was going to continue until he was satisfied there was no alien sitting astride her nerve center feeding on the energy of others by somehow creating a nerve energy

"vacuum" and greedily sucking life force from her partners He gritted his teeth and applied the gun once more. Her body arched and bowed. He tried to shut his ears to the agonized shrieks of pain that

ripped from her throat She went limp. And then it hapnened. A barely discernable thread of thick green fluid ran out of the corners of her eyes. More came from

her nose. He was sick with revulsion and fear, but he kept the scorching metal pressed to her foot as the thin streams of living fluid collected at the base of her throat and moved into a compact mass the size of a thumbnail. Jake saw a lighter green nucleus form in the center. It had some means of joeomotion for it then moved slowly onto her shoulder and out the length of her tied arms to where they extended over the edge of the hunk

It dropped from her and landed on the cool metal floor. Jake watched fascinated, horrified, as it came inching toward him with surprising

So he was scheduled to be the next host. He was the Captain of the ship, the man in power, the one who could control the environment

better than anything around. Jake wondered if the alien was a

contient being, if it thought as men did or if it merely sensed life and energy and went for it when con-

ditions became intolerable in its current animal It came closer and closer. It was only a few inches from his foot when he snapped out of his trance and

moved quickly away. It changed direction and followed. He lured it to the center of the floor and then impaled the amoebalike mass with the triggered solder-

ing gun. There was an instant of frenzied writhing and bubbling. Thin pseudopods of its green substance lashed out in all directions. It tried to flow away from the terrible heat, but Jake speared it again and again in

its vulnerable center. It died hard ... but it died. He made absolutely sure by fetching some acid from the bench and pouring it over the small green blob. The poisonous liquid shrivelled and blackened it instantly. He noured

enough to make very sure He checked her and found eyes, ears and none clean. Her nock was bare. As he was rubbing a special healer salve on her ugly burns her eyelids flickered and opened. He untied her.

She sighed, "You're alive . . . thank God. I thought you'd be like the rest of them, lying on me cold and dead ... " She frowned "What hap-

pened to my foot? It stinus." He explained what had happened She shuddered at his description of the alien. She looked apprehensively at the still wet acid mark on the

"It is gone!" she said. "I can't feel it inside." She drew in a long breath and stretched. "I feel clean and human again."

Jake was feeling human again, too. Desire for her was rising in him like the mercury in an oven ther-

"I owe you a great deal," she said. "No-"Are you really sure it's dead?" "Td stake my life on it."

"You would?" A smile quirked the corners of her mouth. She gazed up at his craggy face, his solid handsomeness and piercing blue eyes with a womanly appreciation. "Go shead," she said, and parted her lips

Adam. BEDSINF SECOND

SSUE

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GRL MAKER, From page 23

to "feel at home." He takes this time to set up his own equipment. "They usually end up," he mentions jokingly, "hanging around ms. Not that I'm complaining, but you try to set up a drawing board with gals like that in front of you!" Because of the wide demand for

Hecause of the wide demand for his work, Jack has learned to work quickly, although he will never sacrifice quality for time. Once the pose and effect are decided (he has usually spent several days working this out by himself), he is ready for the first step: the bate skatch.

In the basic sketch he tries only to capture the physical shape of the model, the subtle and dalicate curvas. Once this form has been captured with pencil, he can spend the best properties of the constraints of the final platities. The sketch trustly requires more than an hour for each girl, and as one model poses the other usually crowds around to work, with shacination, the work of works, with shacination, the work of contractions of the contraction of the latest points. The contraction of t

unal model who defets a quick aketch, her proportions coming out wrong in drawing after drawing. In these cases, Jack though a very patient guy, finds he must resort to a tape measure, and carefully measures the exact dimensions of the model's bust, legs, back, etc. Tosser to the action of the model's bust, legs, back, etc. Tosser to the case of the ca

After the sketches, he allows the models to lounge around, for now he only wants to get to know them, to gain a desper ionight into the personality he will try to capture in the fixed point-ings. Jack's studie (actually his home) is located on a hilliade direct palow in the case of the makes it easy for the girls on this makes it easy for the girls on this makes it easy for the girls on the hale with them, he works on the basic sheeth with pasted chalik, trying to displace the delicate coloring of his displace the delicate coloring of his

Shortly before noon, Jack's peculy wife Jonnes, who has kept herself carefully out of the way, starts pearing lunch, and in a short while everyone is devouring hamburgers and iced tea. After lunch, Jack bid dustriously to work on the final spinistings. Since he has carefully pre-planned the effect he wants, chosen be models to gun that effect, and spent the whole morning uncovering the models of the property of the property of the models of the property of the property

final paintings usually come entity. Yet patiently, ever and over any in he checks his progress against the two girls, it is usually five o'deck before he is over the most difficult parts. At that time he takes off a few minutes to help the girls pack, the parts of the partial parts of the parts of the parts of the parts of the parts and the parts of the parts and the parts of th

thing worthwhile has been created.

To most people Jack's work seems enviously pleasant and easy. But that's only because Jack makes it

seem that way. He's learned to hide the "work" of his job behind a casual and easy-going nature, knowing that if the models see him slaving away they themselves will quickly tire—a danger to be avoided at all costs.

ed at all costs.
And it is not until after the medels have left that the real labor begins. Trying to bring his work as near to perfection as possible, Jose continues behind his drawing board for several hours more, often take into the night and even the following day. It is only when the girls in the pointings seem truly after the he knows he has finished.
All this care and labor bawe, of

course, paid off. Jack has success-

fully fulfilled his dream of reviving the art of painting beautiful women. and in so doing has become one of the most popular "girl makers" (a term coined by one of his more imaginative associates) in the country. Although his work is in constant demand, and he has every reason to strut around like an authority, he maintains an almost startling modesty, saying simply, "It's just hard work. Pleasant and rewarding work. ves, but still plain old hard work." Once, one of Jack's editors was approached by a virile and ambitious young artist who wanted very much to become another Leynnwood, "What're the qualifications?" the artist asked.

The editor pendered the question a moment and then replied, "Well. Mr. Leynawood once told me all it takes is a little training, a little sweat, and a helluva lot of appreciation of beautiful girls." "Well, hell!" replied the artist excitedly. There all that!

The editor agreed. "You and ten million other guys. Unfortunately, there was one other important qualification Mr. Laynawood neglected to mention."

The artist looked quizically

"What?"
"Mr. Leynnwood's genius," the editor said.



Letters to Adam

PALSIES We have been girl-friends ever since we went to kinderwarten to-



that we are through school we would like to share modeling careers. I am 21, 5'4" tall, 114 eves). Lorna is on the right (22 5'2" tall, 117 pounds, \$5-25-35.

black hair, brown eyes). Unlike model sister teams, we hope to make it as contrasting types. Do you think

Luck D. & Lorna M.

ADAM Appes you make it big

NUMBERS GAME I would like to suggest that your authors do a little (?) research before writing gembling stories - also learn arithmetic.

Author Stan Papell ("Prose for the Red Four", ADAM, Vol. 3, No. 8) apparently does not know that when you bet \$10 at roulette and win \$35 and let it ride, you are betting \$360 the second time, \$12,960 on the third spin and \$466,560 on the fourth which will return you a total of \$16,-T96,160.

Also, the evounier does not call more bets until the ball has started to fall toward the center. Fred E. Hieles

Barretow, Cal.

Stan ... Teh, teh, teh ... TINY

I have a problem and do not know where to find the answer. Perhaps you can help me. My breasts are small and not in proper proportion with the rest of my body. Perhaps one of your well-endowed models can give me the secret of how to make them permanently larger and firmer. I wonder if your models come by theirs naturally or have they disway. I am in hopes they will share their secret with me Believe me.

> Mrs. A. E. C. Natick, Mass.

Consult your physician, Mrs. A. E. Otherwise you may do yourself



ADAM IN WORDS

Passion plot of the sex-starved	840	96	ı,	ıj.	201	91	114	as		see page 4
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The land where secret desires became stronge reality.										ree page 12
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